PRIVATE EYE

No. 790
Friday
27 March '92

80p

FERGIE'S HEARTACHE

ROYAL DIVORCE SOUVENIR

'Them'

AN AGEING and solitary widower, Great-uncle Sandy had developed certain *eccentric* culinary habits, characteristic of which was his practice with porridge to which he referred in the plural as *'Them'*.

To save himself the trouble of daily preparation, he would make enough in *one batch* to last him a fortnight.

ONE morning the residual crusts and scrapings looked so *unappetising* that not even Uncle Sandy could face *'Them'*.

BUT at length he hit upon the notion of placing the one luxury he allowed himself,viz. a dram of *luscious sherry-oak-aged The Macallan Malt Whisky,* in front of his plate, promising himself he would drink it on completion.

SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY he forced himself to consume *'Them'* and at last his porringer was empty.

WHEREUPON, with that truly Scottish tendency to defer gratification, he lifted the dram, observed *'Well, Sandy, you're gey easily fooled'*....and poured it back in the bottle!

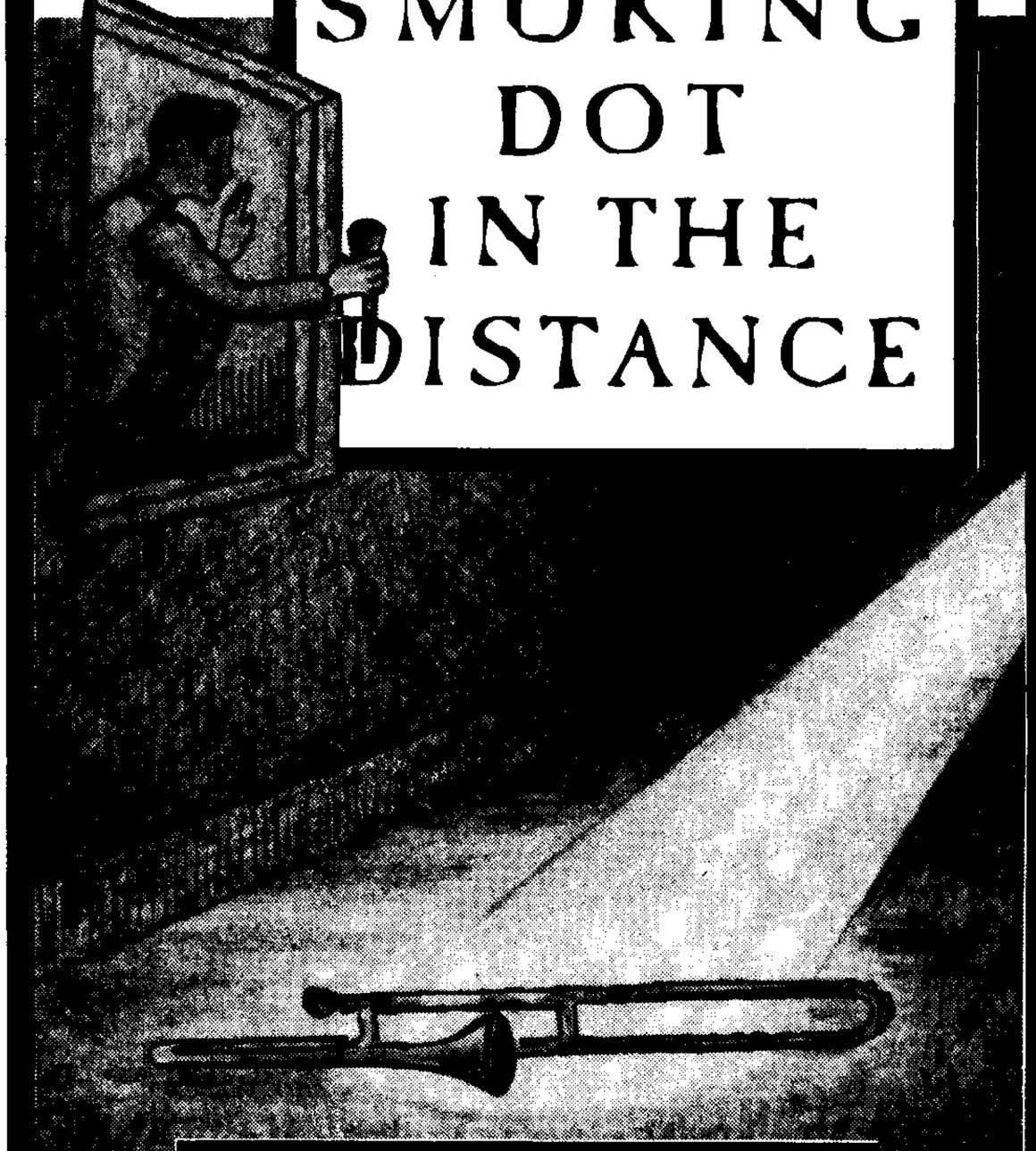
FROM THE FAMILY JOURNAL, OF MR C. CAMPBELL-HOWES, MUIRHEAD, KINLOSS.

The Macallan. The Malt.

'GLIMPSED THROUGH A NOSTALGIC HAZE OF PASSING CLOUDS AND SCENT FROM WOOLIES, THIS IS THE TALE OF JEFFREY CORK: COMIC GENIUS, PILLOCK, ANTI-HERO EXTRAORDINARY'

THE SUNDAY TIMES

A SMOKING DOT IN THE DISTANCE



IVOR GOULD

A SPLENDID MONUMENT TO LIFE IN THE 'GOOD' OLD DAYS

'A GLORIOUS FLOWERING OF THE DISTINCTIVE ENGLISH FLIPPANCY WHICH REACHED ITS APOTHEOSIS IN WODEHOUSE'

DAILY TELEGRAPH

AVAILABLE IN BLACK SWAN PAPERBACK

Gnome

AS senior partner in the old-established firm of Gnome, Sweet & Gnome, I resent the way the press is attempting to turn the sad but inevitable legal complications that accompany the painful ending of a Royal marriage into some sort of contest between rival legal firms.

I represent the unfortunate Duchess of York in this matter and the poor Duke of York is well served by the ancient family firm of Voletrouser & Gussett.

Sir Samuel Voletrouser and I are both doing our best to effect the happiest conclusion to what is rightly perceived by most people as a tragic affair.

There is no unseemly squabbling, no acrimony and nothing resembling any sort of conflict.

We are merely two professionals doing a difficult but vital job in very miserable circumstances.

I hope this makes it clear that we are not in competition with each other. We have no reason to be since we are both really going to clean up on this one. *(Shurely 'clean this one up in a real sense'? E.S.)*

E. Strobes
pp Lord Gnome
Onion House
Easy Street
London W1

PRIVATE EYE

6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.
071-437 4017. Fax: 071-437 0705.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

£14 per annum. Europe and Eire £20
Elsewhere: Surface £20 Air £25
Cheques/POs to Private Eye
Access/Visa
Private Eye Subscriptions
Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill,
London SW11 1LE — 071-228 0588
Fax: 071-924 3719

COLOUR SECTION

THE INTELLIGENCE world let out an almighty sigh of relief when the Commons trade and industry select committee finally published its historic whitewash account of the Iraqi supergun affair.

The committee's chairman, Ken Warren, steps down from Parliament after a long and mediocre career with the cheers of the arms industry, MI5 and MI6 ringing in his ears. His achievement in bullying the committee's Labour and Liberal members into settling for a few mild criticisms of civil servants is remarkable — and would have been impossible without the abject support of fellow Tory committee members.

The evidence heard by the committee makes it clear that the entire intelligence community, in league with an extremely right-wing gang of arms businessmen, conspired to circumvent the Government's so-called arms embargo and supply Iraq with all the weapons it asked for. Mr Warren is expected to be high on the list of nominations for an early honour.

Perhaps the most pathetic performance in front of the committee came from four representatives of Customs and Excise who gave evidence on 29 January. The commissioner and director of Customs, one A.W. Russell, was asked why he did not proceed with charges against businessmen responsible for making the supergun in Britain, even after three of them had been arrested and charged. Mr Russell replied that the evidence hadn't seemed so strong after the men were charged as it did before they were charged.

This unlikely story did not go down well at the committee, whose more sceptical members kept asking who intervened to stop the prosecution. Christopher Cowley, one of the men arrested, had an answer. He said Customs had been in direct touch with 10 Downing Street (occupant at the time: M. Thatcher) and that government pressure (for fear of what might come out in open court) had persuaded Customs to drop all the charges.

Mr Russell denied there had been any contact with the Government, a denial which drew hollow laughs from his subordinates. Most decent Customs men were furious when all their work on the supergun case was laid to rest by a government diktat that the prosecutions should not go ahead.

Widely-circulated in the Customs at the time (and later printed in at least two national newspapers) was a cartoon with a Customs investigator into supergun lying on his front in a pool of blood with a ministry of defence dagger stuck firmly in his back.

A less well-publicised example of the attitude of Customs to the inquiry could be gleaned from the few reporters who attended the trial at Reading crown court on 25 February of five very right-wing businessmen charged with selling arms to Iraq during the embargo.

These were serious charges, yet the case was conducted as if the defendants were the most misunderstood people ever to find themselves in a dock. The defendants had agreed to plead guilty, in exchange for promises of light sentences. When Paul Grecian agreed to plead guilty, Customs were so delighted they dropped the charges against his father. Though the supergun makers, Space Research Corporation, were mentioned several times in court, no one could bring themselves to mention the supergun itself.

Leading prosecution counsel was a model of decency and fair play to the defendants. There were short suspended prison sentences all round, and a derisory fine of £1,000. The judge felt it necessary to point out that not one of the defendants had betrayed his country.

All in all, it was a great day for the spooks and goons who packed the public gallery, and especially for Customs and Excise, who'd spent a few hundred grand initiating a complicated prosecution which (as in the case of the supergun) fizzled out the way MI5 wanted it to.

Will the supergun story finally go away, as all good men and true in intelligence, the ministry of defence and the family of Margaret Thatcher hope? The *Observer* reports that Gerald Howarth, the very right-wing MP for Cannock, sought to persuade a fellow Monday Club member, Gerard James, former chairman of Astra Holdings, not to go "over the top" when giving evidence to the select committee.

The report fits well with the *Eye*'s revelation (788) that Christopher Cowley proclaimed before he gave evidence to the committee that he was going to mention Mark Thatcher, out loud, in front of the telly cameras. Cowley was seen privately on the evening before he gave evidence by chairman Warren and the clerk to the committee. In the event, the name Mark Thatcher was never mentioned.

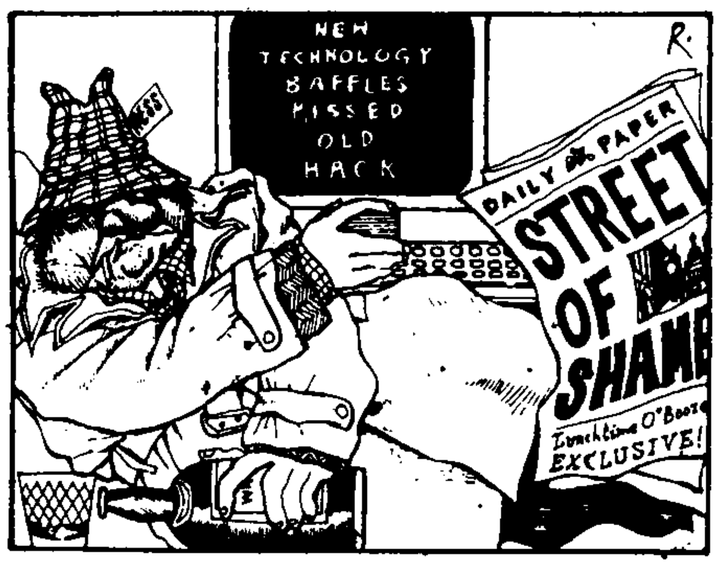
● THE committee lamented in its report that it could not find out when the British Government and security services were told about the manufacture and shipment of this weapon to Iraq.

This is very strange indeed. The Dutch secret police had been keeping a close watch on a ship called the Gur Mariner at Rotterdam and on 28 March in the year the cargo was seized British officials were tipped off by the Dutch as to the nature of the cargo.

So, when the Gur Mariner left Rotterdam for England on 3 April, Customs were ready. They uncovered 140 tons of material on the quay at Middlesbrough when the ship docked there on the 10 April.

On 15 November 1990, Peter Brooke, the Northern Ireland secretary, visited the Netherlands to thank the Dutch for their assistance in an IRA trial. In a meeting with the Dutch home affairs secretary Ms I. Dales, foreign affairs secretary H. Van den Broek, and justice minister E. Hirsch Ballin, Brooke also thanked the Dutch authorities on behalf of the British Government for the tip about the Gur Mariner.

Ms Dales made this conversation public in a debate on the Dutch secret police in the Dutch parliament on 14 March last year. Why the committee never called Peter Brook is yet another mystery of the supergun affair.



WILL Lady Lloyd (née Eve Pollard), editor of the *Sunday Express*, soon be going to prison? Looking at her paper's front page on 22 March, the answer would appear to be "yes".

The splash — MI6 SPIED ON FERGIE TRIPS — is perhaps the most blatant breach of the Official Secrets Act, 1989, since that unfortunate statute was passed. The entire purpose of the act was to protect the security services from publication of any of their activities. Yet the *Sunday Express* article — by William Massie, a specialist in spy stories — actually quotes a top secret report from an MI6 spook to his/her controller about Fergie's "over-affectionate" attitude to Steve Wyatt. This report would have been confidential to the controller and the cabinet secretary.

However, this blatant illegality was not even noticed. No one in the security services nor the Cabinet Office appears even to have complained. This curious silence can have only one explanation: namely that the article was useful to the security services and was probably planted by them.

For many months the loons in MI5 have been growing increasingly nervous about the political situation. As in 1974, they fear that a Labour government might seek to curb some of their wilder excesses. Various dirty tricks campaigns have been planned "in case of emergencies". On the *Sunday Express* front page the week before the Fergie/MI6 disclosures, the security services (again via William Massie) gave full vent to their fears of the effect a Labour government might have on their secret files (which no doubt include much material about the incoming Labour ministers).

As the first week of the campaign went on, however, it became clear that something rather more drastic had to be done. For a long time it was realised in Tory circles that the first week would be a bad one — with a long string of rotten news about the growing recession. It was hard to see how, in the middle of an election campaign, these stories could be kept off the front pages.

The break-up of the royal marriage story did the job brilliantly. Leaked originally to the *Daily Mail* — the paper which, for instance, carried the Zinoviev letter forgery in 1924 and has been doing MI5's dirty work ever since — it cleared the election off all the tabloid front pages in a trice. The plight of the marriage had been known for some time at the palace, and orders had been sent out to keep it secret for the course of the campaign.

The Queen was furious at the leak, and demanded to know who was responsible. For the first time since *Spycatcher* there was real panic in the offices of MI5. If the Queen turned her fury on her own secret services, what chance was there of survival for the dirty tricks brigade? MI5 reacted as it often does in an emergency. It shopped MI6, leaking to Massie the exact words of MI6's totally anodyne report on the Fergie/Wyatt relationship, and thus turning the heat up on its sister service.

Massie's report did not point out that although the report he quoted would have been *written* by an MI6 agent abroad, it would have passed through MI5, who are responsible for security for the royal family and other VIPs.

Whether or not this silly feud deflects the Queen's rage has yet to be revealed. In the meantime, it is a safe guess that not a single inquiry will be made into the blatant breach of law and order by the law and order fanatics on the *Sunday Express*.

PERHAPS conscious that no sane person takes his knighthood seriously, the editor of the *Daily Express* is anxious that people should remember he is no longer plain old Nick Lloyd.

One reader who called the *Getsworse* recently to complain about an inaccuracy in the paper was put through to the editor's secretary.

"May I speak to Nick Lloyd, please," the stranger inquired.

"You mean *Sir* Nicholas," was her tart response.

"In that case, will you tell him it's *Viscount* Althorp," thundered the caller — for indeed it was the Princess of Wales's brother.

"Oh!" the secretary gulped. "That makes you his senior, doesn't it?"

WHAT AN interesting literary selection in the *Mail on Sunday*'s book pages earlier this month.

The main review, of Jonathan Margolis's biography of John Cleese ("especially illuminating... sparky style"), failed to mention that Margolis is a long-standing hack on the *MoS*.

Then there was a rave write-up of Lawrence Lever's book on the Barlow Clowes affair ("rare finesse... reads like a thriller"), although strangely no mention of the fact that Lever works on the *Mail on Sunday*'s City pages.

John Dickie's book on the Foreign Office was the subject of an equally enthusiastic notice ("pleasurable... essential") — though the reviewer did at least admit that Dickie had been the *Mail*'s diplomatic correspondent for many years.

Finally, the paperback column drew attention to the utterly pisspoor *Ivory Knights* by Nicholas Gordon ("a direct and dramatic account"). It neglected to mention that "Ratboy" Gordon is none other than the editor of *You*, the *MoS*'s magazine.

Gordon, editor of the dire *YOU Magazine*, has recently appointed his former secretary Jackie Holland as his new travel editor.

Jackie, who once wore fishnet stockings because she had been told Gordon would approve (but forgot to cover up the hairs on her legs), is a curious choice as her experience in the travel field demonstrates.

Last year, sent to write about belly-dancing in Turkey, she and her husband failed to get any further than Gatwick. Owing to a flight delay, they together consumed a large supply of duty-free alcohol and became rather emotional, though not sufficiently tired to avoid causing some trouble.

The head of airport security was called and proceeded to check the credentials of the so-called lady journalist. When he returned to the lounge to inform the couple that they were now free to travel, he found that even more alcohol had been consumed. Ms Holland and spouse were now deemed unfit to fly and were escorted from the airport. The belly-dancing feature was eventually written by Val Lunacy.

THE MADLY litigious investigative hack Duncan "Dunky" Campbell has revived his long-running libel suit against *The Pink Paper*, a gay magazine.

The case was launched in 1989 when Campbell and the *New Statesman* sued the paper for an article in which it criticised Dunky's coverage of Aids. After a long period of inactivity, the plaintiffs suddenly reactivated the case last June (see *Eyes passim*). Alas, that very month the *New Statesman* was itself sued by the Bruges Group — and promptly ran an indignant editorial condemning people who sue small magazines. Embarrassed by accusations of hypocrisy, the *Staggers*'s editor, Steve Platt, announced that his mag was withdrawing from the case.

It was assumed that that was the end of that. But now, after nine months of silence, Dunky has suddenly hurled a fusillade of legal letters at *The Pink Paper*. Having dispensed with the services of his solicitors, Messrs Bindman, he is now prosecuting the action on his own, from his new home in Edinburgh.

The rookie lawyer has not had much success so far. The first envelope Dunky posted to *The Pink Paper*'s solicitor had to be returned because he had sent it to the wrong address. He then wrote complaining that *The Pink Paper* hadn't answered his letter. Finally, he sent a bundle of documents that turned out to be hopelessly incomplete and had to be returned to sender once more.

Dunky is now accusing *The Pink Paper* of using delaying tactics. This is pretty rich coming from him: he has had almost three years to bring the case to trial and has so far failed to do so.

Meanwhile, it is thought that Dunky currently has at least half a dozen other lawsuits outstanding against people who have fallen foul of him. Quite how he finds the time to do any journalism is something of a mystery.

WORLD OF HYPE

LORD GNOME'S Order of the Golden Humbug is hereby awarded to John Stonborough, described as "a media relations specialist with Walborough Consultants", who wrote an article in *PR Week* on 19 March about his success in intimidating the BBC consumer show *Watchdog*.

When a photocopying firm learned that it was to feature in an exposé on the programme, it hired Stonborough, who immediately threatened the BBC with a writ. As he writes in *PR Week*: "The right libel lawyer deployed at the right time concentrates broadcasters' minds nicely." The programme was duly toned down - "a highly successful PR campaign," Stonborough boasts — and he adds some pious criticism of *Watchdog*'s "doorstepping" methods: "When the client came to us, the chairman had already been ambushed by a film crew, in contravention, I believe, of the BBC's own guidelines..."

This surely cannot be the same John Stonborough who was for years a reporter on the BBC consumer show *Checkpoint* — a programme which habitually barged into people's houses and offices with crash-bang-wallop sound effects?

The very same.

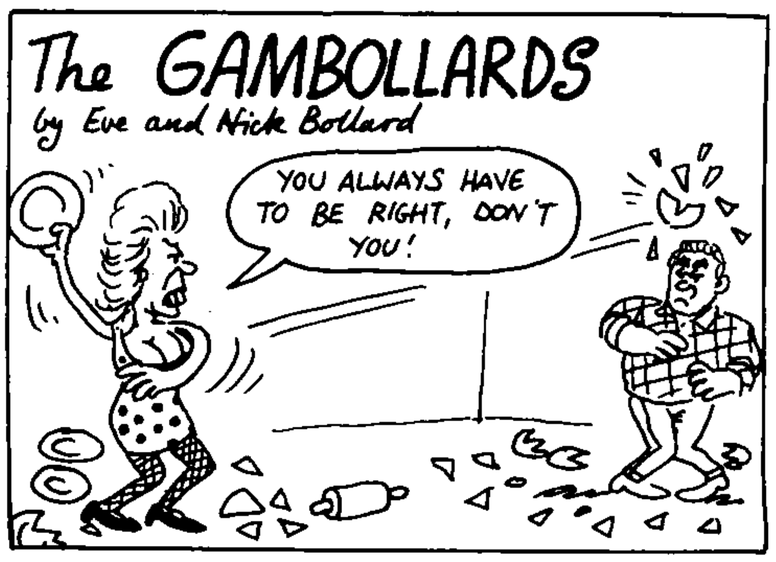
Sporting Life

RACEGOERS watching the Cheltenham Gold Cup within the vicinity of the press box will have heard the howls of incredulous dismay as the spectacularly-hyped up favourite, Carvill's Hill, walked through the first fence as if it weren't there.

Last month this column referred to the infatuation that seems to grip large numbers of racing hacks whenever they address the subject of Carvill's Hill's trainer, Martin Pipe.

But now that the horse's flaws have been laid bare once and for all, the hacks will presumably be apologising to his previous trainer, Irishman Jim Dreaper, whose reputation they've been rubbishing for the last four months.

'Major Bonkers'



SEEING Margaret Thatcher wheeled out from the morgue to boost John Major's dismal election campaign is all well and good; but I hope for the Conservatives' sake they keep Denis under lock and key.

The supergun affair highlighted the activities of Denis and son Mark when it was revealed that regular dinners were held in a suite of the Savoy, hosted by Alan Curtis of Lotus cars, on behalf of the Thatchers.

One of the said dinners was a birthday party for the son of Dr Mohammed bin Mahathir, the Malaysian prime minister, and it was at this glittering affair that I overheard a tired and emotional Denis opine to guests that Margaret regretted endorsing John Major and that she felt he was not intellectually up to the job.

Just think what damage could be caused if this ever got out.

● *MY Republican friends are no longer gloating at the prospect of a Clinton win in the Democratic primaries. Originally they had planned to make much of the G-spot factor — his association with Gennifer Flowers — concentrating with Puritan prurience on the sex and overlooking the fact that he got her a job on the Arkansas state payroll.*

Now those appalling Democrats are hinting there is a J-curve in the hyper-thyroid Bush's past: a State Department employee named, with happy symmetry, Jennifer.

IN THESE politically correct times, I am saddened by a speech from the new secretary-general of the United Nations, the Egyptian Boutros Boutros Ghali, marking international women's day.

Strangely BooBoo skipped a whole paragraph in his prepared text in which he was supposed to inveigh wholeheartedly against sexual harassment. "I will not tolerate any such abuse in the United Nations," he was supposed to say but didn't, having crossed it all out.

BooBoo of course knows all about sexual harassment: his chosen *chef de cabinet* had to flee back to Egypt within a day of landing in America, skipping bail on charges of indecent assault on a chamber maid at the UN Plaza Hotel.

BooBoo's own record on women's rights is no less impressive. No sooner had he taken over at the UN than he sacked the few women who had reached high positions in the organisation to make way for unemployed chums of George Bush.

FOLLOWING my item about the antics of "style" journalist Robert Elms at the Groucho Club, I was amused to see the *Sunday Times* publish a piece in its ludicrously unstylish Style section. The subject was good manners.

The *Sunday Times* introduced it with some curiously knowing words: "In an increasingly rough, tough world, Robert Elms, our man at the Groucho, still minds his Ps and Qs."

In "the Caring Nineties, simple politeness should be due a comeback," wrote Elms.

Pseuds Corner

Heavens above! I've absolutely no idea what tax I pay: life's too short to worry about these things. I suppose if someone wants to increase the tax I pay I'll just try to make 10 per cent more or whatever. If you asked me about Norma Major's taste in clothes I could help you, but tax cuts just aren't my bag.

STEPHEN BAYLEY
Independent on Sunday

MIDDLESEX UNIVERSITY

Here it is! Middlesex University's logo. "The design is an interaction of two elements," explains Carlos Sapochnik of Art and Design who worked with the polytechnic's graphic designer Brian Joiner. "There is the classical M which has been redesigned and therefore is unique, to show authority, tradition and quality.

"This interacts with a modern M which is geometrical and could also be read as a fast forward symbol."

North Circular (Middlesex Poly newspaper)

"Having a baby was something I've always wanted to do and questioned whether or not that I would do well.

"Now I no longer question that at all.

"I remember the birth in milliseconds, all the detail of it, from the 24 hours before, then the labour and the birth and the 24 hours later," the 54-year-old actor says with pride.

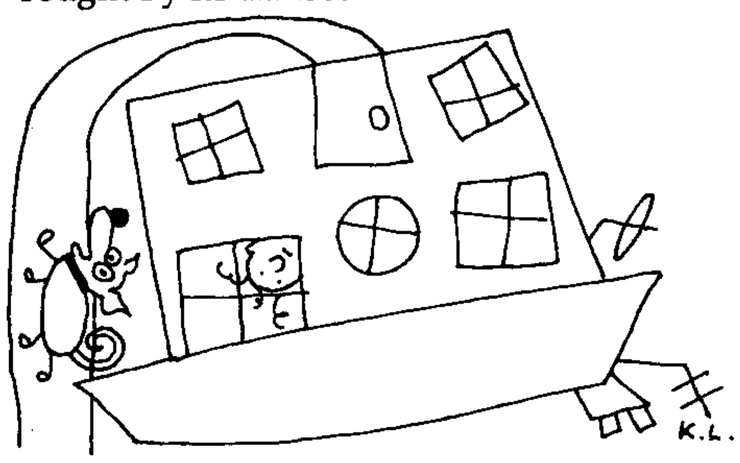
"It was a matter of great pride to me that she knew my voice as soon as she entered the world.

"She knew it after the first second because she was used to the voice in the womb."

WARREN BEATTY
Today

John Outram will be talking about Le Corbusier, Alberti, the seven rites of architecture, and his office scheme for Blackfriars at the RIBA on March 10.

"The negation of technology is not sought by its transcendence in the



metatechnology of hi-tech or the katatechnology of deconstruction but by the mere displacement of the material by the conceptual," Outram explains.

Building Design

His [Svend Bayer's] pots are like him. In fact his pots are him. And so is his kiln him. That is not just my opinion: I asked him if his pots were him and he said yes. I was very glad to hear that. That is a true artist. He said his kilns are him too. He gestates kilns like an elephant, over several years, and has one on the way now. He likes them visually; a huge rounded womb; in which one can stand in the darkness and create magic.

SANDY BROWN
Ceramic Review

CONTRIBUTORS: Rosemary Hill, Anon, Anon, Penny Clifton, Tim ?, Nicky Scott.

£10 paid for entries

"Well, Scott, it looks as though the Germans beat us to it"

ONE HAPPY consequence of the Fergiana separation is that it has left two of Fleet Street's leading gossip columnists looking like utter nincompoops.

Nincompoop number one is our old friend Nigel Pratt-Dumpster, who strongly urged *Mail* editor Sir David Fester not to run the story by Richard Kay and Andrew Morton which revealed that the Yorks were about to part.

Dempster prides himself on his royal sources, and he assured his editor that the marriage was in fine fettle; if a separation were looming, he added, it was inconceivable that he wouldn't know about it. Fester duly held the story over for a day while further checks were made, but then splashed it on the front page. Last Wednesday an indignant Dumpster could be heard telling anyone who cared to listen that the story was rubbish. Just 24 hours later the palace confirmed it was true.

The other hack looking rather egg-spattered at the moment is Tim Satchell, aka London's Most Desperate Diarist, who writes a column called The Insider ("It's The Diary Page For People in the Know") in *Today*.

After the *Mail* article appeared last Wednesday, Satchell went on to Sky TV to pour cold water on it: the story couldn't possibly be true if he hadn't heard of it, etc etc. His performance was watched by Martin Dunn, *Toady*'s editor, who grew increasingly alarmed as he saw his diarist announcing unequivocally that Fergie and Andy were staying together. He hastily rang Sir David Fester: "Er, David, this story on your front page this morning. It isn't true, is it?" Sir David replied that he rather thought it was.

When Satchell returned to his office at Wapping, an apoplectic Dunn ordered him to go back on television at once to apologise. It is thought The Insider may soon get another exclusive "inside" view — this time of his local JobCentre.

Pip Pip!

JUST FANCY THAT

WHY FERGIE'S STUCK WITH A SULKEN SAILOR

"MANY insiders reckon both Fergie and Andrew have discussed with the Queen the ramifications of divorce... However, I believe all is not lost. For I hear that since he chose to start living at home instead of at college, Sarah has been a happier lady... I am told that the two are trying all over again... that they realise there is something worth hanging on to..."

— James "The Man Who Really Knows The Royals" Whitaker,
Scottish Daily Record, 17 March 1992.

"THE rocky marriage between Prince Andrew and Fergie was reported to be finally over last night."

— James "The Man Who Really Knows The Royals" Whitaker,
Daily Mirror, 18 March 1992.

Election Special

AS THE ELECTION got underway with the Conservatives boasting that "the party's commitment to the environment is beyond doubt", earthmovers began to rip apart an area of outstanding natural beauty for the M3 extension across Twyford Down.

This was no coincidence. Transport secretary Malcolm Rifkind always intended to defy last autumn's request from the European Commission to delay the work (Brussels wants a proper environmental assessment, as required by EC law.) But Rifraff knew that as soon as the bulldozers went in, Brussels would seek a European court injunction to stop the vandalism.

So to counter this threat the brains at the DoT came up with a shameless piece of diplomatic blackmail, which must remind environment commissioner Ripa di Meana of politics in his native Italy. Acting on instructions from Whitehall, the British embassy to the EC let it be known that if the commission went to court, the Tories would turn it into a Euro-bashing election issue.

So, when Ripa di Meana was asked for his reaction to Britain's defiance, he merely said that he would write to Rifraff "expressing my deep sense of disappointment".

This feeble response is not only a waste of a stamp: the commissioner will probably be writing to the wrong address. The shabby wheeze looks like the work of roads minister Christopher Chope, whose Southampton constituents (majority: under 7,000) will be the main beneficiaries of the M3 extension.

Chope recently demonstrated his Thatcherite credentials — pro-road, anti-EC — by aligning the DoT with the road hauliers' opposition to EC proposals for compulsory lorry speed limiters under the slogan "UK Ltd versus the rest of Europe".

ONLY TWO sentences are worth quoting from the Conservatives' latest "mail shot" begging letter, copies of which are being despatched round the country by party chairman Chris Patten.

The letter dated 9 March says: "At the last election — contrary to much public myth — one union alone (the T&GWU) gave more to the Labour Party than all the corporate donations to the Party put together."

What is the truth? Ever since a Labour government insisted 25 years ago that political donations should be published in company accounts, the Tory Party has lost interest in such donations. It collects most of its money in secret, from wealthy individuals, who dig deep into their tax havens.

Since Patten mentions the last election, it is worth recalling that on 7 January 1987, soon after she decided the election should be in June that year, Mrs Thatcher was the guest of honour at a lunch organised by the world's richest business consultants, Bain & Co. Fifty very rich people attended the lunch — every one of them a Tory. The charge per plate was said to be £50,000 to the Conservative Party.

Can even rich people afford that sort of money? A good person to answer that question would be the man who hosted the lunch, Sir (as he then was) Jack Lyons. The previous year Sir Jack had written a letter to the prime minister asking her not to refer the Guinness bid for Distillers to the Monopolies Commission. Thatcher passed the matter on to Mr (now Sir) Geoffrey Pattie, one of her most fervent admirers and who was then a junior trade minister.

Pattie had already referred the bid to the commission, but suddenly decided referral was a bad idea and decided not to do so. Guinness was so delighted with the result of Sir Jack's letter to Thatcher that it paid him £3 million for it. If a business consultant can make £3 million from writing a letter to a prime minister, what's £50,000 to help keep that prime minister in office?

BEFORE any future Labour government abolishes the House of Lords, political reality will require it to create many new peers.

Neil Kinnock lacks an ermined cadre because of the Spartist ban on nominating peers that was in force during the 1980s; but his most likely choice for leader of the upper chamber is Baroness Blackstone of Birkbeck.

She is already a member of Kinnock's Texas Homecare-kitchen cabinet and will presumably provide the Welsh Windbag with a list of likely candidates for ennoblement to speed his government's legislation on its way.

One of Blackstone's protegés is Steven Bundred, who is putting in a good word in for his old man George, chair of the Murkeyside police authority. Bundred *père* would very much like to sit next to his old chum Lord Sefton on the red leather benches as Lord Bundred of Tower Hill. And he must be hoping that his recent anti-feminist stance on the Alison Halford affair (see *Eyes passim*) hasn't blotted his copy book.

When the *Eye* disclosed his less than progressive attitudes to questions of gender and sexual orientation, the police authority removed him from all official involvement in deliberations over the case. Since then he has suffered a broken ankle. Whether he has also suffered a broken coronet remains to be seen.

LABOUR'S promise of open government and freedom of information is a sick joke among party members in Wallasey.

When Walworth Road excluded Lol Duffy, the preferred candidate, from the selection process because he wasn't a kosher Kinnockite, pro-Duffers returned blank ballot papers in the hope of nullifying the whole procedure (*Eye* 788). Under the party's constitution, the selection would be invalid if more that 50 percent of the votes were blank.

Sadly, Stalinist methods appear to be in vogue at the North West Regional Office in Warrington. No independent scrutineers were allowed at the count. A full voting record was not produced. No selection meeting was held so members could question the "approved" candidates. And the bureaucrats even refused to disclose who did the counting.

Eileen Murphin, the regional organiser, said they didn't even bother to count the blank votes — a flagrant breach of the constitution. And all the complainants will get for their pains is to be investigated after 9 April.

Despite Labour's professed enthusiasm for freedom of information, it is left to *Private Eye* to reveal that 163 blank papers were returned as against 57 for the "winning candidate", Angela "Air Miles" Eagle. It also transpires that Eagle failed to disclose the two years she spent working for the CBI from her "have constituency will travel" CV — an amazing memory lapse for someone who is only 30.

The fiasco has been a gift to Tory aid minister Lynda Chalker who, when asked about her Labour opponent, replied "Angela who?". Chalker may well buck the national trend and keep her seat thanks to a local personal vote.

JIM CUNNINGHAM and Angela Eagle are not, of course, the only Labour candidates foisted on their constituencies by the Walworth Road *apparatchiks*.

A brief rundown of winners (ie docile Kinnockites) and losers in the forthcoming election includes:

Hemsworth: Ken Capstick of the NUM won more nominations than any other candidate and grew up in the mining constituency but was a Scargill supporter so he had to go. He was replaced by a former Euro-MP and teacher from outside.

Vauxhall: Kate Hoey was parachuted into position by Walworth Road after the local party tactlessly chose left-wing black woman.

Birkenhead: The local party deselected its MP, Frank Field, and chose instead an official of the Transport and General, Paul Davies. Labour's organisation director, Joyce Gould, found no evidence of improper conduct, but as Field is as right-wing as Kinnock now is, he had to be protected. And he was.

LABOUR'S wildly optimistic bid to capture the sheep-stained hills of Staffordshire Moorlands is being spectacularly hampered by the antics of its out-to-lunch Manchester-based candidate, James Siddeley.

At a recent local meeting of the Commission for Racial Equality, Siddeley, standing in for Stoke North Labour MP Joan Whalley, posited some interesting interpretations on Labour's equality policies.

When asked about his party's policy towards Ireland, for instance, he revealed that "racial equality was all about helping black people" and when pressed by the tough-questioning Potteries folk for a view on the Kashmiri problem, Siddeley replied naively: "What Kashmiri problem?"

Fact: 85 per cent of Stoke's Asian population is Kashmiri.

After much heckling, Siddeley lost his temper and suffered the ignominy of Joan Whalley's secretary disowning him. A week later, during a Radio Stoke phone-in on the controversial local issue of open-cast mining, Siddeley again saw red when faced with a tricky question and suggested that Staffs' open-cast mining be transferred to the Lake District!

Whether he was revealing previously unearthed Labour environment policy is not clear.

THE CHAOS surrounding Dave Nellist's battle to retain Coventry South East as an independent Spartist (*Eyes passim*) is spreading to other parts of the self-styled "historic" city.

In Coventry North East, where sitting Labour member John Hughes has not been reselected by the filofax-carrying sushi-socialists who have taken over the local party, a lengthy fraud inquiry by Inspector Knacker has found no signs of illegality over Hughes' controversial deselection and a high court judgment ruled that the affair was not for the public courts.

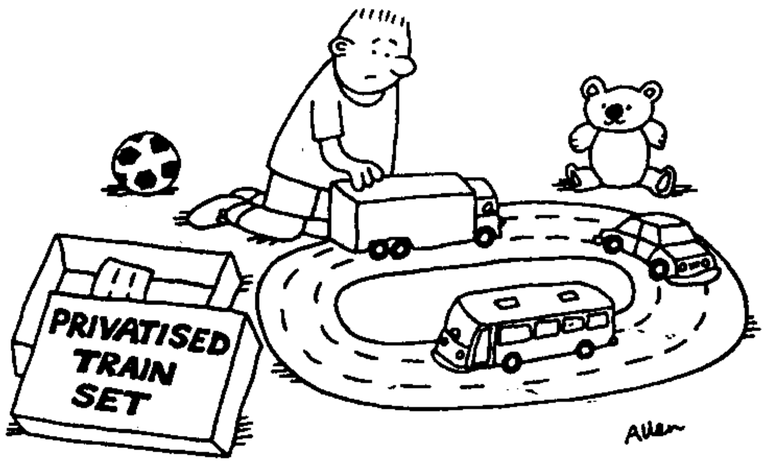
Hughes' replacement, Bob Ainsworth, a leading Coventry city councillor like Nellist's Labour successor Jim Cunningham, has proved so adept at collecting Coventry's unpaid poll tax millions in a caring, socialist manner, that he is now claiming Neil Kinnock has promised him a ministerial post if Labour wins.

To complete the troika of independents, marginal Coventry North West will have an independent candidate in the shape of teachers' union boss Will Reese. He is out to worry sitting Labour MP Geoffrey Robinson, whose champagne socialism and CV as a Jaguar car plant boss make him so attractive to wavering Coventry Tories.

ROBERT KEY, Tory "minister" for Manchester and Salford, waxed eloquent when hosting the recent launch of the Boat International Show at Salford Quays.

"Who needs Earls Court?" he asked boldly, pointing to the traffic and pollution disadvantages of the London venue for the Boat Show.

In fact Mr Key's party needs Earls Court badly. Its owner, P&O, is a generous contributor to Conservative Party coffers under the chairmanship of former Thatcher adviser Lord Sterling of Zeebrugge.



A CURIOUS set of invoices has found its way to the *Eye*. Purporting to be from the office of Belinda Harley Associates, a PR agency based in Charterhouse Square, they total some £27,000 for what is called software and research into speech pulse.

Speech pulsing is an American technique for monitoring key words in politicians' speeches and was used by both Ronald Reagan and George Bush during their election campaigns.

The concept was invented by a Dr Dick Wirthlin, a personal friend of Sir Tom Arnold, and has many varied and wondrous applications.

When the *Eye* approached Conservative Central Office it offered no comment on the invoices. Instead Sir Tom, who at the time covered by the invoices was Tory vice-chairman responsible for candidate selection and research, came on the phone.

The work was done, he said, not by Belinda Harley Associates but by a northern company. He said that for commercial and political security reasons, Ms Harley's firm had been used but the actual payments were due to this northern company. He undertook to provide the *Eye* with the name of the company and any documentation that he might have. He thought there probably was an agreement with Belinda Harley Associates, but could not be sure. He also emphasised that one of these invoices for some £5,000 was for work done for him personally.

It is no doubt because of electioneering pressure that Sir Tom had still not been able to provide us with this information as we went to press.

Arnold met Harley when he was a director of Arum Press Ltd and Harley was acting as agent for a book subsequently published by Arum called *The Programming of the President* by Roland Perry, in which Wirthlin features prominently.

Although Arnold acknowledged that Harley had no computer expertise and that no work had been done in her office to justify on commercial grounds the manner of invoicing, he holds the view that she is very competent. Ms Harley is currently taking time off her PR duties as she is employed as an adviser on the environment to Prince Charles.

THE Conservative candidate for Copeland, Philip Davies, was formerly chairman and chief executive of Cap'n Bob's magazine publishing division, and in a recent article in the *North West Evening Mail* attacked Maxwell for his unpleasant treatment of employees and the humiliating manner in which he sacked people.

He did not mention that he himself had been sacked by Maxwell; nor that he himself was not best known for his emollient management skills.

Soon after buying the *Evening Mail* in 1986 he spent the weekend working alongside office girls who had volunteered to help redecorate the front office. He then sacked them the following week. He once sacked nine employees, including the editor, overnight, and even threatened to break the legs of the NUJ mother of chapel

Davies has also twice mislaid the pension fund monies of his employees. Soon after buying the *Evening Mail* from Westminster Press, Davies set up the British Regional Newspapers Pension Scheme and persuaded the WP pensioners to transfer to a new scheme.

However, unbeknown to the pensioners, the new scheme was not set up for 20 months and during this time deductions from employees' pay was paid into an account at Haslemere, Surrey "in the name of the scheme trustees". It came to light when an employee left and found that the insurance company that was supposed to be holding his money had no knowledge of the new scheme.

In a letter to the NUJ chapel on 15 July 1988, Davies explained that the 20-month delay resulted from "errors in administration". There was a police investigation which concluded that no criminal offence had been committed, and Davies was no doubt grateful for the assistance afforded to the police by Alan Preskett, senior partner of Guildford solicitors Hart Brown & Co and a director of Barrow News and Mail Ltd. Another error of administration arose because Davies failed to pay DHSS contributions in respect of staff, so that when they either left or were sacked they were unable to claim benefits.

WHEN Douglas Hurd signed the Maastricht treaty on 7 February he was asked what it contained and replied: "We had better find out what we signed."

The official text — which avoids the dreaded word "federal" —will conveniently be published in English just after the general election in "the middle of April". But it is possible, however, to see an unofficial English version at the European Parliament which says: "By this Treaty, the High Contracting Parties establish among themselves a European Union... a new stage in the process of creating an ever closer union....

"The Union shall set itself the following objectives... to assert its identity on the international scene, in particular through the implementation of a common foreign and security policy including the eventual framing of a common defence policy... to strength the protection of the rights and interests of the nationals of its Member States through the introduction of a citizenship of the Union..."

One can see why Hurd claimed not to know what he had done. But it is puzzling how, on the basis of such ignorance, he was able to declare: "Maastricht is not a stage towards a centralised Europe."

THE football pools industry, led by the seriously rich Moores family of Littlewoods, is pinning its hopes on a Labour victory — the only chance of averting the Tory plan for a national lottery which would devastate pools profits.

Needless to say, the pools front organisation, the Football Trust, employs lobbyists of all political complexions. Considering that John Major, David Mellor and Kenneth Clarke (to name but three) are such ardent soccer fans, the trust's Tory MP advisers, Sir Marcus Fox and ex-minister Sir Keith Speed, should have had more luck in fending off the lottery.

It may soon be the turn of the trust's Labour adviser, Richard Faulkner, to take the field. He is an ex-referee who helped run Kinnock's press office in the 1987 election.

HEART-RENDING news of Nigel Lawson, hardly prominent in the Tory election campaign and who is quietly ruing his lost chance to become a multi-millionaire.

Having clung on as chancellor to the bitter end, Lawson sought a brighter future elsewhere and hoped to make seriously obscene amounts of money in the private sector. Sadly he left it too late in jumping from Thatcher's ship and his tarnished image attracted few offers.

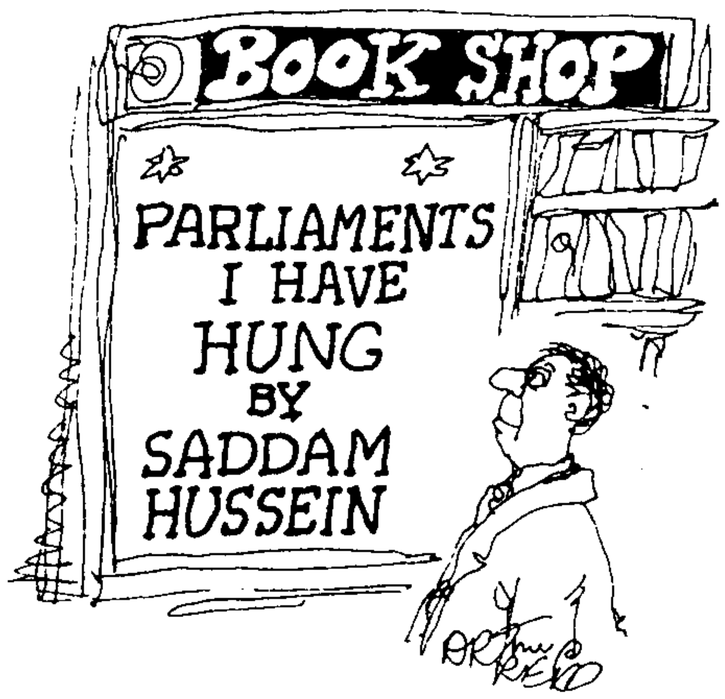
He did, however, pick up a directorship with Guinness Peat Aviation (GPA), a secretive aircraft leasing company based at Shannon in the Irish Republic. Other directors include Sir John Harvey Jones, former Irish premier Garret Fitzgerald and ex-Euro commissioner Peter Sutherland.

GPA, currently owned by a small number of individual investors, banks and airlines, is planning a public share issue this summer and existing shareholders stand to make huge gains: Harvey-Jones making a windfall profit of around US$1 million and Fitzgerald about half that. GPA's chairman and founder Tony Ryan (the man behind Ryanair) stands to make a reasonable US$250 million or so.

Tragically Lawson arrived at GPA too recently to have accumulated a personal shareholding, and unlike his fortunate fellow directors, stands to get absolutely nothing from this "economic miracle".

Still, he'll be expected to earn his modest stipend (c. £50,000 pa) by promoting the flotation in the City and beyond. Brokers are, however, already deeply sceptical about the value placed on GPA by its directors — an amazing US$3 billion for a company with known debts hovering around the US$5.8 billion mark. No doubt Lawson's presence will help reassure potential investors that the figures add up.

He will also be delighted to deal with queries about the impact of the recession on demand for aircraft and in particular Ryan's threat to close down GPA's Shannon base following a run in with the Irish exchequer. Ludicrously, the Irish are demanding that GPA and its directors pay full corporate and income taxes, following the recent expiration of a 15-year tax exemption. As Lawson will be the first to point out, governments just don't understand how industry works...



ABBEY LIFE got into a bit of trouble earlier this year when one of its ambitious managers circulated an advertisement to the effect that Labour would tax insurance — so now was the time to take out more.

Now the sober-minded Scottish Widows company has rushed out a glossy leaflet warning people that "this could be one of your last chances for a tax-free PEP". PEP stands for personal equity plan and the company warns that Labour has "pledged to abolish, or severely reduce, the advantages".

What's the solution? Hurry, hurry, hurry with your money to Scottish Widows before the beastly Labour chappies get their hands on it.

DESPITE Libya referring the case of the two intelligence agents accused of the Lockerbie bombing to the International Court of Justice, it seems John Major and George Bush still want to inject the "Falklands Factor" into their respective election campaigns.

Most members of the United Nations' security council seem inclined to a verdict of "innocent but insane" on Colonel Gadaffi; but they also seem inclined to pipe any tune that Washington suggests. It is thus likely that air-travel sanctions will be imposed on Libya very shortly.

Not, it should be noted, oil sanctions. They would upset too many Europeans who get much of their crude from Libya, and could cause oil prices to rise. Since the Saudis are already overpumping to keep prices down for Bush's election year, that would never do.

Cynicism is such that it has been suggested that the main purpose of the air blockade is to make it *impossible* for the Libyans to extradite the wanted intelligence agents and so speed the day when the vote-catching planes can swoop on Tripoli.

Meanwhile in the Big Apple, where Lockerbie victims' families and Pan Am are locked in legal dispute, no one holds out much hope of securing a conviction from a new York jury.

Windell, Marx, Davies and Ives, the law firm representing Pan Am in the compensation case, has even been talking to the Libyans to bolster Pan Am's case, which seems to hinge more on US State Department negligence in the face of warnings of Syrian and Iranian involvement, than it does on Libyan guilt.

100 Years Ago

ALAN AMOS, the Conservative MP for Hexham who resigned recently after he was arrested and cautioned by police for indecent behaviour in "Gobbler's Gulch" on Hampstead Heath, was profiled by the *Eye* in 1987.

In the course of the item we wrote: "Amos's private life is mildly mysterious, however. During the election campaign he appeared to be on semi-intimate terms with a 19-year-old 'girlfriend', Fiona Cooper, who is a librarian at London University. He refused to kiss her for the local press, who began to smell a rat. Fiona dumped Alan at six o'clock on 12 July, in the aftermath of his electoral triumph. Nobody is certain whether this was because she found him intolerably dull or whether she had merely been acting as his 'walker' all along."

TV

TV Heaven

Channel 4

NOSTALGIA, the curse of the age. While we have all been known in our darker moments to quote from memory the names of the firemen in *Trumpton*, it is only recently that television has caught on to the British public's apparently inexhaustible demand for terrible old programmes.

Once, TV companies looked upon their past with an indifference verging on contempt. Now they look upon it with ill-disguised glee, rubbing their hands together and going out for huge lunches to celebrate the millions of pounds they are going to make.

Not for nothing has Thames been airing the possibility of dedicating an entire satellite channel to its old shows. Everyone else, meanwhile, is preparing a tidal wave of nostalgia programmes, designed to wash away all critical faculties and drown us in terrible old episodes of *The Persuaders*. *TV Heaven*, currently spread across Saturday evenings on Channel 4, is but the first: the BBC has *The Television Programme* in production (hosted by Phillip "Fluffy Slippers" Schofield), and others seem sure to follow.

But are any of these old programmes any good? On the evidence of the first few weeks of *TV Heaven*, no, not really. Although Frank Muir is suitably droll and urbane as link-person (avoiding the self-conscious cheeriness affected by his old partner Denis Norden in similar circumstances), this lengthy pot pourri is a strain on the attention of even the most dedicated nostalgia freak.

You switch on full of optimism, but expectations are constantly confounded by reality. An old episode of *Coronation Street* turns out to have been shot through a woollen sock, and to be so boring that you wonder how it has managed to survive all these years. The first *Rumpole Of The Bailey* turns out to be like all the other *Rumpoles of the Bailey*, except about a tenth as good. Elderly sitcoms surprise you with their reliance on feeble innuendo, overripe performances and bosses coming round to dinner. An old *Avengers* episode from the Honor Blackman days shows us why they usually only repeat the Diana Rigg ones. And then there's *The Persuaders* itself: extraordinary clothes, a good cast, some impressive locations, a great theme tune, but a truly terrible programme.

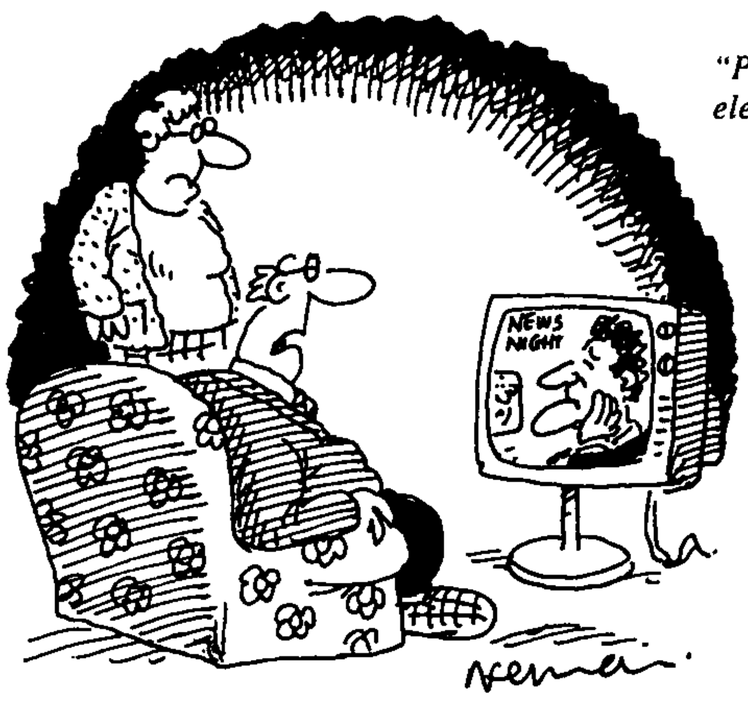
Only a few old shows survive the process. *Regan*, the original pilot for *The Sweeney*, was as pacey, thuggish and pointlessly violent as the rest of the series, which is probably why Thames still shows the odd episode whenever there's an awkward gap to fill. And the first episode of *Upstairs Downstairs* made you wonder why LWT has not yet thrown shame to the winds and repeated the whole series at peak time. But on the whole, the bite-sized chunks that pad out the gaps between the programmes have been better value — the clips of old BBC shows that the BBC won't allow to be used in full, the old advertisements, the themed pieces like "Where Were They Then?" The complete programmes remain a challenge to the eyelids — and it's only the bravest and most resourceful eyelid that resists for long.

The real problem with *TV Heaven* is that by institutionalising nostalgia, by turning it into a sparky little in-joke which we can all snigger along to, it has somehow reduced the appeal of the nostalgia itself.

Anyone who might have had fond memories of *The Persuaders*, for instance, has now had those memories tarnished forever by the unfortunate experience of actually seeing the programme. No one can really be forgiven those shirts, or those plots, or those appalling ad libs. A little bit of all of our pasts has therefore died.

Not that the rest of it will last long in the winsome hands of Fluffy Slippers when his series starts on the BBC. No one's favourite programme will remain unsullied for long. Nostalgia has been caught, tamed, packaged, marketed. "Pugh, Pugh, Barney McGrew, Cuthbert, Dibble, Grubb..."

'Couch Potato'



"Paxman's electiosneering"

MEDIA NEWS

JOHN BIRT'S sidekick, Samir Shah, scored a fantastic own goal in deciding to scupper Peter Jay's report on the recession for *Panorama*. Shah, head of the Beeb's weekly current affairs programmes, phoned David Dimbleby the weekend before the programme was due to go out and asked if he would be prepared to read out a revised commentary for it. Dimbleby refused and told Shah he would immediately phone his old Oxford chum Jay to tell him what was afoot. Shah then simply cancelled the show.

However, the official propaganda from the Beeb — that the decision was unanimously supported by Shah's fellow executives on the board of management — is false. BBC1 controller Jonathan Powell bravely objected to the decision, which also provoked an uproar among *Panorama* staff.

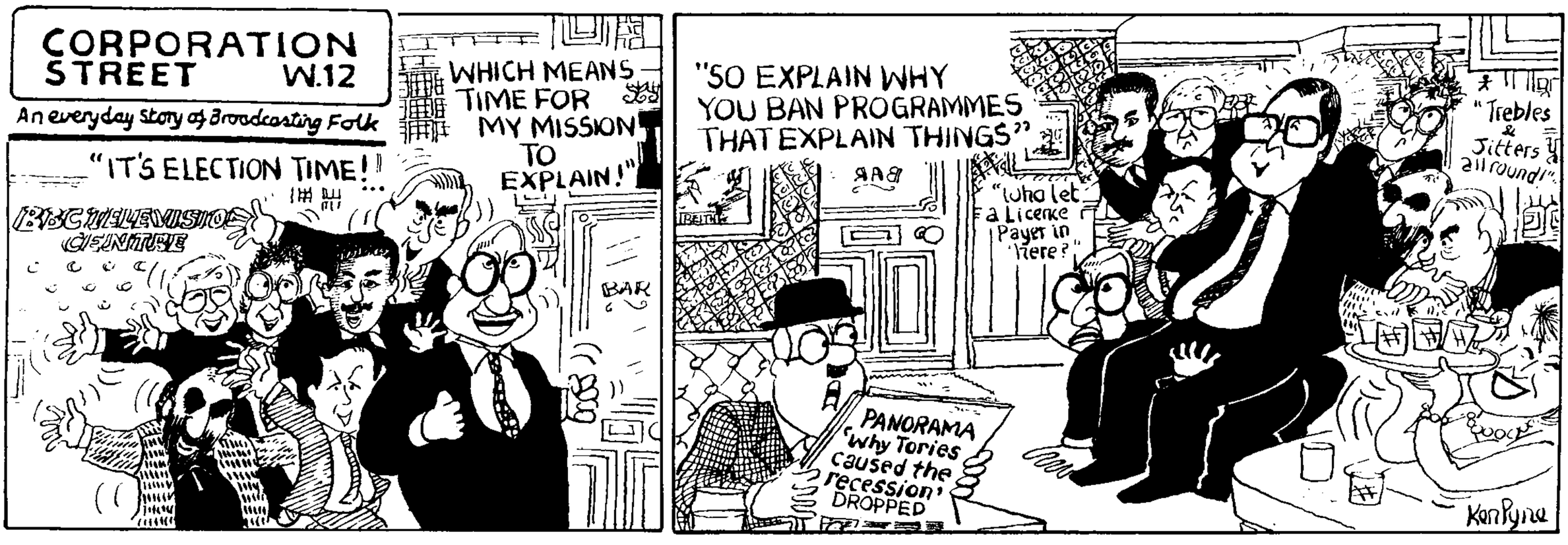
The latter group banded together to lodge a protest, acting editor David Jordan and producer Gerry Baker being the only two members of the *Panorama* team to refuse to back the protest. On the Thursday following the censored slot, *Panorama* hacks wrote to John Birt, protesting that they no longer had any confidence in Samir Shah.

Meanwhile *Panorama*'s newly-appointed editor, Glenwyn Benson, as part of her submission for the job, declared her intention that *Panorama* should confine itself to lofty discussion of issues along the lines of the famous Jay-Birt thesis that gave rise to London Weekend's *Weekend World* back in the 1970s, while journalistic reports (such as last autumn's excellent Maxwell exposé) will be shifted to a new slot on BBC2 to be called *Timebomb*. It is ironic that it was a programme made according to the Jay-Birt rules by Peter Jay himself that should have been removed from our screens by Birt's *apparatchik*.

Nor is John Birt's position as the next director-general guaranteed. The board of governors only voted for him to become director-general-designate by a majority of one, and that only after BBC chairman Marmaduke Hussey had browbeaten one of the regional governors to switch allegiance. Now that same regional governor is apparently having second thoughts and may request that Birt's appointment be reconsidered — especially if a Labour government should be elected.

● WHILE making his report, Jay decided he needed to fly to Washington to interview a US treasury official. When he asked his office to book a club class ticket, he was told that because of cost-cutting he would have to make do with an economy seat.

Unhappy, Jay appealed to his producer, Gerry Baker, who refused to allow him a club class ticket. Then he went to *Panorama*'s acting editor, David Jordan, who also said no to his demand. Samir Shah also refused to sanction the expenditure and rang up Chris Capron, head of BBC reporters, in the hope that he might get Jay off his back. Capron did not disappoint. "Send Jay to me," he said eagerly, "and I'll tell him what class of man he is."


CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
"IT'S ELECTION TIME!..."
BBC TELEVISION CENTRE
WHICH MEANS TIME FOR MY MISSION TO EXPLAIN!"
BAR
"SO EXPLAIN WHY YOU BAN PROGRAMMES THAT EXPLAIN THINGS"
"Who let a Licence Payer in here?"
"Trebles & Jitters all round!"
PANORAMA 'Why Tories caused the recession' DROPPED
Ken Pyne

I-BSkyB

Norma Major plans to buy her cricket-mad husband a Sky TV system for his birthday on March 29 — so he can see the World Cup finals live.

The Premier, who will be 49, does not have satellite TV at his private home. England are favourites to win the cup, screened exclusively on Sky.

The Sun

CONTRIBUTOR: Jim Ward

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

MEDIA NEWS

BORN-AGAIN Christian Rupert Murdoch would no doubt be shocked to learn of the moral laxity that is infecting the offices of Sky Television.

While the station's head of production continues to serve a four-month jail sentence for driving while banned (*Eye* 788), a leading Sky presenter has now been accused of sexual harassment by a female graphics assistant, who claims that he chased her into the showers and demanded satisfaction.

Why has Sky's head of news, John O'Loan, not rebuked the offender? Perhaps he finds it difficult to occupy the moral high ground now that former Sky presenter Linda "Twin Peaks" Duberley is three months pregnant by him. The poutsome Duberley, who was hastily moved across to become head of public relations at Sky when her Ugandan discussions with O'Loan were first revealed in the *Eye*, has recently been made presenter of *Newsline*, the Digger's answer to *Panorama*.

RUMOURS that Desmond Wilcox is two sandwiches short of the full picnic basket appear to be true.

At a recent lecture at Bournemouth poly on the *oeuvre* of the great filmmaker, D. Wilcox, the hall was packed with literally several students and all was going well until the name of BBC1 controller Jonathan Powell was mentioned.

The audience was aghast as Wilcox suddenly lost control and began hyper-ventilating, banging the desk and shouting "...that unimaginative scumbag, the man's a churlish turd, he'll take no programmes from me..."

Does Des loathe Powell simply for failing to prop up his flagging career? Or is it because the "churlish turd" is wielding the axe over Esther's dismal show?

THOSE wanting tickets for the "sold-out" charity concert in memory of Queen's Freddie Mercury will be pleased to learn that they are still readily available from most travel agents outside the home counties.

Travel agents are, of course, quite different from the touts who get hold of a few tickets and, to the outrage of responsible promoters and managers of venues like Wembley stadium, add a huge mark up to the face value (and in this case donate nothing extra to Aids research).

In this case the travel agents are simply selling package tours operated by Keith Prowse Ltd, which slid into insolvency last year following the collapse of its corporate hospitality business. Happily, Prowse was bought from the receivers by none other than Wembley plc, a company noted for its principled opposition to ticket touts.

Tickets bought through its new subsidiary start at around the £200 per person mark, which includes travel to London and bed and breakfast in a hotel. Naturally, Prowse gets a commission from both the transport and hotel companies, as well as the standard booking fee on the concert ticket itself.

Of course this money does not go to charity, but it's all completely different from the way touts operate. Er, totally.

HACKWATCH No 18: Daily Mail

AS FAR AS the *Daily Mail* is concerned, the election campaign began last autumn. It was then that the paper's front-page splashes, never exactly bias-free at the best of times, started to read as if they had been taken down at dictation speed from Conservative Central Office.

And sometimes they had: at the Tory Party conference last October, denizens of the press room were startled to see a *Mail* hack clearing his report of the day's proceedings with the party's chief whip, Richard Ryder, before transmitting it to London.

More usually, however, the paper's "stories" are created by the political editor, Gordon Greig, who paces around his office at Westminster reciting them to his faithful sidekick, political correspondent John Deans. Other hacks, such as Christopher Bell and Michael Kemp, sometimes lend a hand in the process, which is known as "setting the agenda". Here are headlines from some of the front-page scoops that this technique has given the *Mail* in recent months:

10 December: "Major Turns Up The Heat."
12 December: "Major, Master of the House."
13 December: "Major Acts To Help Mortgage Strugglers."
20 December: "Lamont's Tonic For Home Sales."
30 December: "Major Will Not Budge." ("A confident John Major will stick to his guns this week...")
31 December: "Defiant Lamont: I Won't Devalue."
7 January: "Labour Double Budget Blow." ("Labour is planning a double Budget attack on taxpayers' pockets...")
11 January: "Major Defies The Bombers."
13 January: "Defence: Labour's Strange Silence." ("Labour's policy on defence is as cloudy as ever and party chiefs continue to dodge the issue...")
14 January: "Patients Salute NHS Reforms."
15 January: "Tax Warning Boosts Tories."
16 January: "Labour Tax Plans 'Shambles' As Tory Attack Hits Home."
17 January: "Kinnock Snared By His Own Tax Trap."
20 January: "Labour's Part-Time Tax Shock."
23 January: "Labour Split On Tax Plans."
25 January: "Labour On Run Over Tax."
27 January: "Ford Chief: Labour's Crazy Tax Plans."
28 January: "The Best Is Yet To Come." ("John Major vowed yesterday to transform public services in the 1990s.")
1 February: "Major On Top Of The World."
10 February: "Smith's Squeeze On Taxes." ("The architect of Labour's high-tax strategy has a double dose of misery in store...")
11 February: "Major Keeps Pay Pledge."
26 February: "Tax Is Tory Trump Card."
4 March: "Confident Premier Says Budget Will Spur Recovery."
6 March: "Major Backs £2m a Week Lottery." ("...a move which will catch the public imagination.")
9 March: "Major Has The Cutting Edge."
10 March: "£3bn Budget Boost For All."
11 March: "Lamont Ambushes Labour."
12 March: "Labour's First 'Dirty Trick'."
13 March: "Labour Votes To Tax Poor."
16 March: "The Kinnock Mask Slips." ("Labour Leader Defends Extremist Policies of Michael Foot.")
17 March: "If You Make It — They'll Take It." ("Labour's Tax Plans: Crush the rich, squeeze the middle classes and put the bite on anyone with a private pension.")

PS: Last week Bryan Gould complained that the *Daily Mail*'s coverage was "distorted" in the interests of the Tories. "Mr Gould gives no examples," Sir David Fester, the *Mail*'s editor, replied dismissively. "These are the rantings of a politician suffering from election mania during a campaign. We have never taken Mr Gould seriously and I doubt we ever shall."

LIBRARY NEWS

MORALE at the British Library has now reached rock bottom. The general feeling is that the ship may well sink before its captain, Commander Saunders Watson RN, can steer it into its new port at St Pancras.

Books were supposed to start moving into the new library last June until "whipping, vibrating and jolting" mobile bookshelves put a stop to the plans. Now, with 20 different faults in 180 miles of shelving identified by the arts minister, culminating in below-specification paintwork (according to the BL), all moves are off. There isn't even a timetable as lawyers are brought in to try to sort things out with Bruynzeel Storage Systems Ltd, who have an £8.5m contract to supply shelves to the library.

Bruynzeel, a subsidiary of Panavail Ltd of Luton, is not having the best of times, according to its latest published accounts, for 1990 — and that was before the BL contract became such a headache.

The company claims that the library agreed to a lower specification for the shelves; the BL denies it and is refusing to accept Bruynzeel's workmanship. Even if liability can be agreed and remedial work undertaken quickly — which seems unlikely — book moves will not begin before late 1994, three years late.

Back at the library's old home in Bloomsbury, readers are in fierce dispute with BL management over the abandonment of the Round Reading Room while St Pancras is in such a mess, and the library assistants are at arbitration (after a strike and work-to-rule) over a regrading proposal that would put some of them on the same level as cleaners.

Meanwhile, the present out-house storage at Woolwich, Chancery Lane and Store Street is still due to be vacated according to the original timetable, even though the new building is so far behind schedule. Books are already piling up alarmingly: an avalanche of *The European* proportions is now in prospect.

LUVVIES

Back to Phoenix Arts Centre for a run of the entire show. Notes with the company (finally!) and then back to the hotel. A string of meetings in the vestibule and then a bizarre late-night rehearsal in the foyer in full view of passers-by. We don't care any more but the other guests seem confused. An even later night talking through the whole show with the company. We're getting hysterical...

...When eight o'clock finally arrives we're all poised on the brink of insanity. An hour and a half later it's all over and we're jumping around backstage drinking champagne. No one's wig fell off in the head-banging sequence. Emma has a quick boo. We all go out and eat together. I begin to realise that the show should be completely rearranged. We'll do that tomorrow.

Choreographer LEA ANDERSON, on her show 'Birthday' The Guardian

Submitted by K. Molloy.

An occasional column featuring gems from the acting profession. £10 for contributions.

"Darling, has your Swiss Army knife got a garlic press?"

NOOKS and CORNERS

ONCE UPON a time, Cambridge colleges were quiet places of learning. Not any more. Today, a successful bursar must pursue good Thatcherite policies and exploit academic plant to the maximum.

Teaching undergraduates is now a tiresome sideline to the principal function of a college which is to make as much money as possible out of conferences. Almost every college has built a smart new residential block (ie hotel) for conferences in which students are allowed to reside in term time. Greed in this lucrative trade explains, for instance, why Corpus Christi tried to close the "Eagle", the oldest pub in the city (*Eye* 712)

Naturally the newest colleges want a slice of this juicy cake, and it was a great boon for Churchill College when the Maersk Moller foundation offered it lots of money as a thank-you for what our eponymous leader did for Denmark during the Second World War. The college then decided to erect a 73-bed conference hotel on the open fields to the west of its 1960s complex of buildings, but masquerading under the name of a "Continuing Education Centre".

The fashionable Danish architect, Henning Larsen — designer of the proposed opera house at Compton Verney — was invited to prepare designs and the building is now going up. It promises to be marginally more interesting than the general run of arid and complacent modernism for which Cambridge is distinguished, so everyone is happy.

Or are they? The fact is that the Churchill College "Continuing Education Centre" will not only be the first such conference centre to function all the year round, but it also contravenes every possible planning guideline and many people wonder how on earth it secured planning permission. The draft Cambridge local plan states that: "The use of college rooms for delegates and facilities for conferences is accepted. However, the council may oppose the provision of new facilities specifically for conference use if they would conflict in any way with conservation objectives, would result in any adverse effect on residential properties." These new facilities certainly do: the new building is placed on rising ground close to and overlooking Storey's Way, a residential street full of late Arts and Crafts houses, several of them listed.

The new building does not conform with the recommendations of the Newnham and West Cambridge district plan in that its scale, mass and height are not in keeping with the existing buildings and in that its density of development does not reflect that of adjacent existing buildings.

The Cambridge Preservation Society objected that the proposed design was "brutally inconsistent, offering a building with a slab-like appearance with an apparently unintegrated tower, the whole extravagant in terms of the space covered and lacking a feel of scale and proportion" while the city council's own listed building panel expressed surprise at the scale of this "bleak and overscaled addition to the Cambridge scene" and recommended refusal of planning permission" on the grounds of scale, massing, character, and relationship in form and planting to the existing buildings".

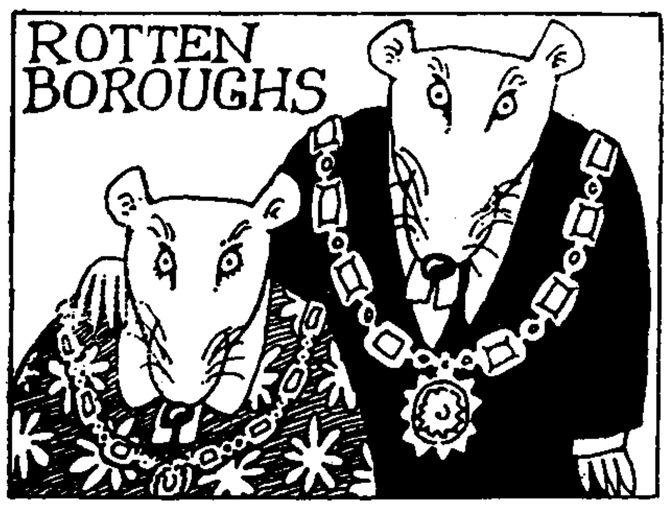
By some oversight, the opinion of this listed building panel was omitted from the report written by the chief planning officer, Mr John Popper, for presentation to the development control sub-committee on 3 October 1990. In the event, a decision had to be postponed as the statutory notice period had one more day to run, and when the report was represented at the 31 October meeting, many councillors did not realise that this damning opinion had now been included in the report. Even so, Mr Popper strongly recommended approval of the application for planning permission. The councillors did as they were told.

Oddly enough, Mr Popper suddenly and unexpectedly resigned from his job at this time and declined to state where he was going, or why. Where is he now, I wonder? It would be interesting to know.

● I must apologise for the slip of the keys in *Eye* 788 which resulted in my describing the greedy members of Derbyshire county council as "Conservative". The greedy members are, of course, solidly Labour.

'Piloti'

THIS PICTURE was sent in by a kind reader in response to my earlier photograph of Sheldon Hall, which posed the question: "Will Birmingham city council take the tough action necessary to save this charming building?"(Eye 788). The present photograph shows the Grade II listed Tilton Road Girls School of 1891 designed by Chamberlain & Martin, the firm responsible for so much of the good architecture of Late Victorian Birmingham. This school is disused and has been consistently neglected by its owners — Birmingham city council. The council now ignores pleas from local conservation groups and pleads poverty to excuse its shameful abuse of this fine building, yet it has just spent £25,000 on commissioning "a sculpture of a decapitated head" to stand a hundred yards away on the corner of Garrison Lane and Cattell Road. Why?



MURKEYSIDE

DEREK HATTON still casts a baleful shadow over Murkeyside, where he continues to face the unwelcome attentions of Inspector Knacker as Det Supt "Buffalo" Bill Coady carries on with Operation Cheetah.

The case has been transferred to Mold where Degsy will face the mercy of a Welsh jury. His old school chum Keva Coombes, meanwhile, volunteered to answer questions at Birkenhead nick on Friday the 13th last, and no doubt regards himself as another hostage to Hatton's fortune.

The *Eye*'s revelations about Hatton's deal with the computer firm ICL when he was chair of the Murkeyside fire authority haven't gone down too well either. When Hatton's successor, Morris Lee, was asked in the Union Powers pub how the computer system was operating, he fulminated: "Don't talk to me about that! There's been some fucking article in *Private Eye*."

Nevertheless, Lee and colleagues do display some independence over the fire brigade. A major bone of contention has been the medals ceremony, originally instigated by Degsy, in which firemen pick up medals for bravery or long service.

Murkeyside's chief fire officer, Andrew Best, insists those receiving medals should attend in full uniform — anything less would be "an insult to the Queen". Lee and Co, together with the Fire Brigades Union, say firemen should be allowed to go in civvies and that Best's fixation with uniform amounts to "militarisation" of the brigade.

Best's obsession with dress is curious. He's already got the MFA to buy him a dinner jacket — cost to the taxpayer £350. Odder still was his behaviour at a recent thrash for senior fire officers at a hotel in Blundlesands. Egged on by the DJ, Best removed his clothing and donned bra and panties before the assembled audience of admiring underlings. Joining him in this jolly jape was the second district officer, Mr Strange.

CULT NEWS

AS RUSSIAN crude oil production plummets under Boris Yeltsin's free market, it seems the snake oil factories are working overtime.

The Moonies, Milton Friedmanites, est, and Scientologists are all selling their wares to the gullible Russians. At the end of February the Maharishi's "Vedic university" opened in Moscow, and a second will soon to follow in Naberezhniye Chelney.

They will offer managers and officials of the ex-Soviet states training in "Vedic management" — this should add considerably to the economic chaos already besetting the Commonwealth.

DOWN ON THE FARM

with 'Old Muckspreader'

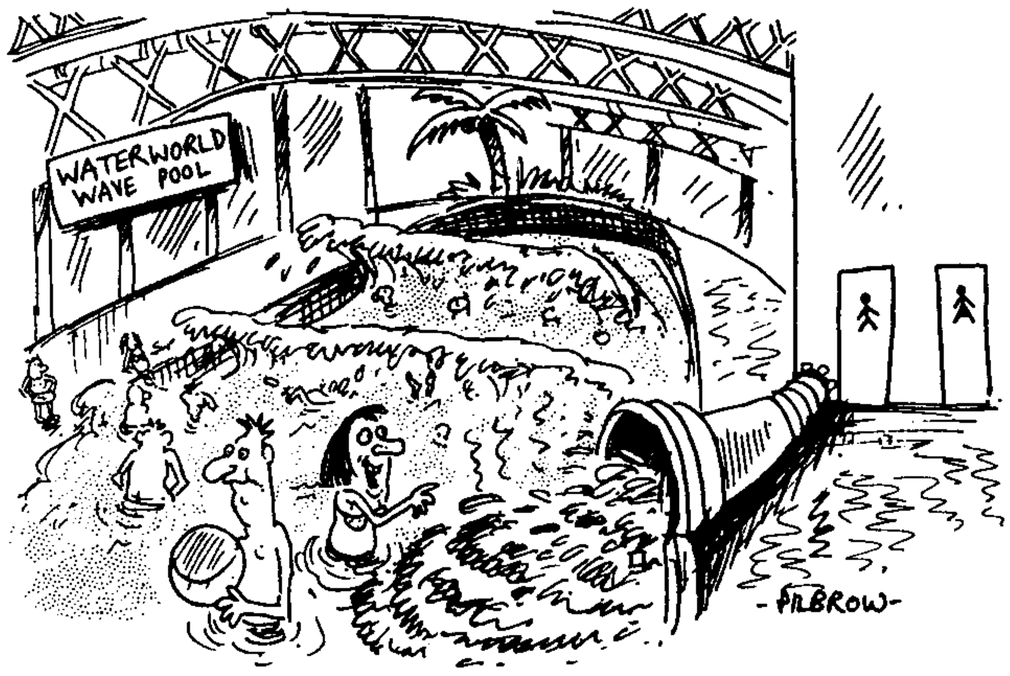
FOLLOWING more revelations of fraud and dirty dealings in the Northern Ireland meat market, the deafening silence from John Gummer's agriculture department becomes daily more hard to fathom.

The widespread use of Angel Dust — the illegal drug that turns scraggy heifers into musclebound fatstock champions overnight — continues. Although most small farmers are said to have kicked the habit, it's still routinely fed by an elite group of largescale beef fatteners, no doubt all sharing the same peculiar brand of handshake.

Across the border in the republic, the Irish government has set up a gardai "flying squad" to root out the corruption that's threatening the country's meat industry. But in Ulster the department relies on a handful of anonymous meat inspectors who can't even hang on to evidence when they find it. Samples from cattle suspected of having been treated with Angel Dust have been stolen from the department's Dundonald House. The samples are said to have been contained in a steel strongbox in the custody of the meat inspectors — yet there is to be no police investigation.

The European Commission's intervention board, meanwhile, is investigating a scam to pass off low-grade cow meat as prime beef and thus pocket the sizeable subsidy. The attempted fraud is baffling because those same agriculture department inspectors are supposed to oversee the boxing of all meats intended for intervention.

While civil servants try to hold the lid on corruption in the Northern Ireland meat industry, they face a new threat — Blue Circle cement. It seems Ulster beef producers have taken to feeding this to their cattle, along with anything else they find in the bathroom cabinet. Some thought the cement itself acted as a growth promoter. However, it is now believed that the stuff is fed along with Angel Dust to mask the latter's presence in the liver, a common site for drug testing. It's doubtful, however, whether the meat inspectors would have found it anyway.



"It's just like the real sea"

HAVING played an impressive role ruining the British countryside, pesticide companies are cynically trying to clothe themselves in green. None more so than the multinational Bayer.

The company's freesheet for farmers — Four Seasons — is full of dire warnings about the consequences of not spraying or spraying too late. Whether it's strawberries or early potatoes, if they're not being plastered with dichlofluanid or pencycuron, you're on to a loser.

Except for page six that is, quaintly headed Conservation Corner. This carries the heart-warming story of the Norfolk farmer's wife who has established a wildflower nursery. Her aim — to supply wildflower plants to farmers who suddenly discover they don't have any left.

Of course it's all good business for the multinationals: managed conservation, as they call it. Having destroyed the flowers that once grew in abundance in every field and hedgerow they have now created a scarcity. In recompense they offer the sop of little wildflower enclaves — the odd strip here or field corner there. They even expect plaudits for being kind to the environment.

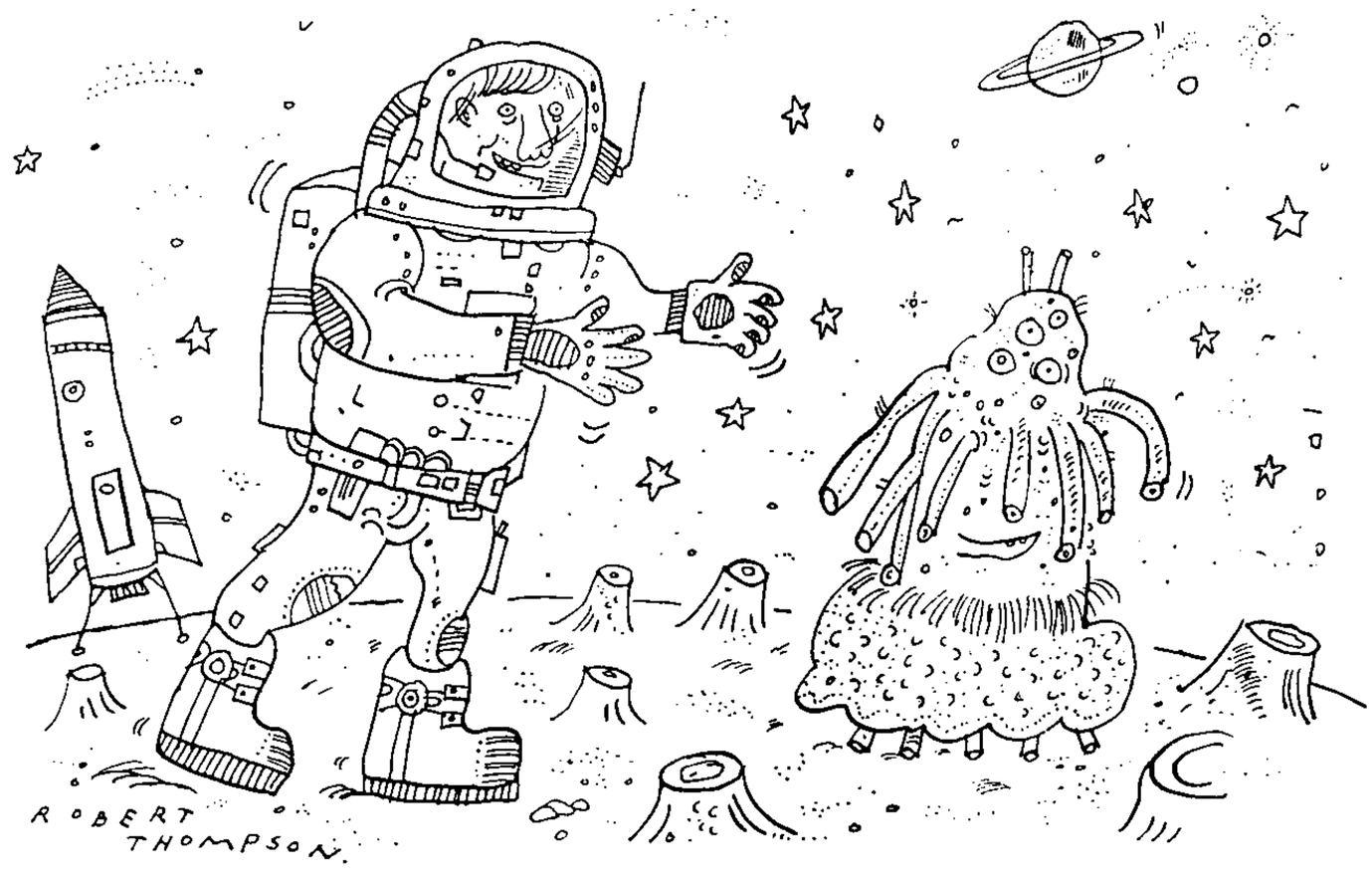
ON 1 APRIL the Milk Monopoly Board was due to launch its enlightened new marketing scheme, New Ways, to replace the daily price-fixing fiddle that's gone on since the war.

Even the milk sheiks realised the old rip-off of milk drinkers couldn't go on any longer. So they came up with the new wheeze. In place of the outdated price-fixing arrangement with the dairies there was to be a modern price-fixing arrangement with the dairies — only now the prices were to be fixed at a rather higher level.

Gummer — never one to let the public interest stand in the way of an accommodation with farmers — gave the scheme the nod. Unfortunately the milk bosses reckoned without meddling Jaques Delors. The maligned EC Commission has stepped in to block the scheme, at least until they've had a good look at it.

No doubt this latest bit of interference from Brussels has raised hackles in Whitehall. But for the millions of consumers who are having to pay over the odds for the daily pinta it could be likened to the arrival of the Fifth Cavalry.

"I say 'tomato', you say 'zxyzzkzmollnnz'..."



Sally Deedes

MANY SMALL businesses in south-east Cornwall are feeling the pinch — not just due to the recession but thanks to the extraordinary behaviour of local accountants Condcliffe Hilton.

Indeed, the Institute of Chartered Accountants has received so many complaints about the fees charged by the firm that it is now "monitoring" the situation — an unheard of occurence as it never interferes in the charges set by its members.

Incredibly, some 30 business people from the Looe and Polperro area — all clients of the Liskeard-based Condcliffe Hilton — have attended self-help meetings to discuss their accountant. In each case — and the *Eye* has spoken to around 15 of the firm's clients — the story is the same: Mr Stuart Condcliffe started as a "friend" giving a verbal indication of the likely cost of his services and some two or three years later invoices were submitted far, far in excess of the figure expected.

In many cases the clients have simply refused to pay and now find themselves facing court action and, in some cases, bankruptcy. Solicitors representing the clients have now taken on 14 cases, many of them on legal aid.

Although Condcliffe Hilton describes itself as a firm of chartered accountants, Mr Hilton is not qualified in this way and only Mr Condcliffe's name appears as the practitioner on the firm's headed notepaper. But membership of the Institute of Chartered Accountants cuts little ice with clients like a Mr Stephens.

In 1988 he opened a baker's shop in East Looe and two years ago went bankrupt. Mr Condcliffe was his business adviser. "It was my own faault," said Mr Stephens, "I trusted him completely."

At first trade was good, but it fell away during the winter. Mr Condcliffe advised Mr Stephens to stay open even though he was losing money, assuring him: "Don't worry. You pay me to do the worrying" adding that he would find new finance.

Mr Stephens decided to sell the shop and move to a factory unit to produce wholesale biscuits. He found a buyer willing to pay £150,000, but the buyer was in a hurry and wanted to see the shop's figures. Mr Condcliffe told Mr Stephens he couldn't provide such figures in the 10 days specified. The buyer then disappeared.

Six weeks later Mr Condcliffe rang Mr Stephens saying there was nothing more he could do for him and that he had better sell his business! A week later Mr Stephens went into liquidation losing some £135,000. While Mr Stephens has been on the dole for the past 19 months, Mr Condcliffe is pursuing Mrs Stephens for an outstanding bill of £7,500.

Last week bailiffs called on a Mr Arkle, who runs a small construction business, in pursuit of an unpaid bill for £1,800. It included such items as "telephone attendance" and even £27 for collecting books from Mr Arkle's office — *two minutes* away from that of Condcliffe Hilton. "I just want to know what they did for us all this time," says Mr Arkle.

A Mrs Yaxley who runs a grocery shop was quoted a price for accountancy work of between £400 and £500 by Mr Condcliffe in 1990. Two years later she received a bill for £2,000. The bill was followed by a threatening letter so she paid up. She asked to cease her arrangement with Condcliffe Hilton and demanded the return of her books. Another bill arrived — for £800 — and her refusal to pay resulted in a writ. Mr Condcliffe, represented by a solicitor and a barrister, would not consider arbitration. The case is now going to open court and Mrs Yaxley is applying for legal aid so she too can be represented.

Jill Elson is a market trader who also knew Mr Condcliffe as a friend. He had not done her accounts for three years, and when he did them in one job lot presented her with a bill for £3,000. Her normal accountancy bill was around £200 a year.

Then there is Mr and Mrs Harris, who ran the Smuggler Hotel in East Looe. Mr Condcliffe was their accountant for four years, and Mrs Harris, a bookeeper by trade, presented the books every year in good order so there was little for Mr Condcliffe to do.

Last year he sent them a £4,000 bill for one year's work, which they could not pay and which showed he was charging them for making phone calls at £90 per hour. He would offer no reduction and last October sent in the bailiffs. For Mr Harris, whose health is bad, this was the end. The hotel went into voluntary liquidation on 11 November and he and his wife now live in a small flat on supplementary benefit.

DOING THE ROUNDS

WHEN A BBC Radio Bristol reporter asked William Waldegrave in November 1990 how he felt about taking over as health secretary the reply was revealing: "I'd rather be back in the Foreign Office." Today, a glance at the hospitals in his Bristol West constituency will do little to change his mind.

● RECENT reports of **Bristol** Children's Hospital demanding a cash pledge from **Worcester** Royal Infirmary before allowing a critically injured child through its doors may have caused ructions in the national press, but for those working in the Bristol trust hospitals, it hardly raised an eyebrow.

The Bristol Royal Infirmary (BRI) has a long-standing "bed crisis" in the intensive care unit. According to Mrs Theo Wood, spokeswoman for the United Bristol Healthcare Trust (UBHT), this has arisen because of refurbishment. This is not so. It has arisen because managers have persistently refused to provide the specialist staff needed to service more than five beds.

In the last four months, 94 patients have been refused a bed on ITU (intensive therapy unit) and 40 percent have subsequently died. Patients who have the misfortune to miss out on intensive care are nursed on general wards, often by agency nurses with no specialist training. But despite the lack of ITU beds, the rush to beat the April waiting list deadline has meant that BRI vascular surgeons are continuing to do major cases, such as aneurysm repairs, when the consensus view is that such patients require post-operative intensive care.

On the weekend of 22/23 Feb, the situation became farcical. ITU was again full. Two patients, surrounded by their distraught relatives, were artificially ventilated in the recovery room of an emergency operating theatre, blocking its use. Several other would-be ITU patients were nursed on general wards and at least two requiring ventilation didn't get it.

One patient who was bleeding from an ulcer would, according to her doctor, "in an ideal world have had surgery". She was denied it because she would have required an ITU bad post-op. Every surgeon at the BRI has now received a memo asking them not to operate on any patient who may need an ITU bed afterwards. "Mrs Wood stressed that patients were not in any danger," the *Bristol Evening Post* reported. The medical and nursing staff at the BRI know otherwise.

● LACK OF money also has profound effects on those delivering care. A 1991 Bristol University survey of Bristol house-officers concluded that they were "the dustbins of the NHS", the tasks carried out during their long working hours veering from the tediously menial to the dangerously unsupervised.

Last year, BRI juniors complained to their managers and were laughed at. The BRI can't even afford disposable cardboard trays used in taking (potentially contaminated) blood samples; staff are expected to handwash and reuse plastic dishes. The DoH is "committed" to a 44 percent reduction in all juniors' hours by changing working patterns and providing 500 senior doctors, but lack of resources has meant that, 16 months into the new deal, only 1 percent of juniors are on shifts. In effect, Mr Waldegrave expects 500 jaundiced 40 year olds to take on 44 percent of the workload of 30,000 sprightly juniors. An unlikely scenario...

● ON 9 MARCH, an "industrial action" ballot over hours was scuppered by British Medical

"Swallowed a fly? Take one of these every day"

Association lawyers. The reason? Juniors must not be shown to be in conflict with their employers, a difficult feat after the BMA's tame acceptance of the dismal hours' deal. Angry juniors are now going it alone. On Friday 13 March, the mad doctor duo "Struck Off and Die", who are contesting Mr Waldegrave's seat, were arrested outside the BRI on a public order offence for chanting "Willie Out".

● NONE OF the 14 regional health authorities have managed to fund doctors' pay awards on time. **Weston-Super-Mare** has no money left, **Stockport** Hospital is paying its junior staff less and Bristol doctors are forbidden from claiming for extra work.

● DR JOHN ROYLANCE, chief executive of UBHT, was so angered by his recent small-claims loss (*Eye* 785) that he added an illegal rider to juniors' contracts preventing them from claiming for extra-contractual work unless they have prior written permission from their clinical director. Anyone who asks for it is flatly refused.

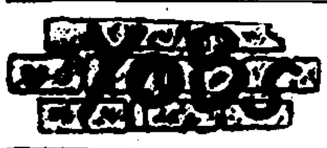
"I do not expect my junior staff to be in the hospital before nine or after five when they are not on call," says Roger Baird, clinical director of surgery, who has daily ward rounds at 8am and 5pm. And angry protests following his refusal to fund locum cover for the two-month sick leave of a BRI surgical houseman were silenced with the ambiguous: "Shut up if you want a reference."

Dr Roylance has managed to dig deep for a fine assortment of trust frippery. Three hideous thousand-pound flag-poles, replete with UBHT flags, have appeared in front of the BRI and The Abbot's House, a dwelling behind the eye hospital, has been renovated for a mere £600,000 to accommodate non-executive members of the trust in an oak-panelled board room. And in addition to discarding a skip load of out-dated computers, UBHT has sold off its fleet of vans at £1,500 each. The money has since vanished. (Clue: It hasn't been used to fund an extra ITU bed.)

As the election approaches, UBHT (previously known as a "provider"), is purchasing operations *en masse* from "The Chesterfield" and "The Glen" — two local private hospitals — thus diverting valuable funds away from the NHS. One patient, waiting 53 weeks with tennis elbow, appealed to Mr Waldegrave's clinical expertise and was rushed in the following week, but there were red races at the BRI when a Bristol city councillor and personal friend of the health secretary had her op cancelled.

Still, help is only a call away. You too can call Mr Waldegrave's surgery on 0272 736811. But hurry... the offer must end on 9 April.

'MD'



HUSBAND

Letters

Haque watch

Sir,

You print a letter purporting to be from Mr Muhammad Haque, Chair of the London Collective of Black Governors. I fear, however, that you must be the victims of some kind of hoax.

A cursory reading of the letter reveals it to have been written by a semi-literate bigot who is, by the tone of the insults, slightly unhinged. Such a letter could not possibly have come from someone who holds as important a post in the education of children as Mr Haque.

I suggest you contact him at once and warn him that his reputation is being compromised.

Yours faithfully,
MIKE WALSH,

Kettering, Northants.

The race against fine

Sir,

Re: Muhammad Haque

I was amused to read in your columns a letter from Muhammad Haque. He blames the sick state of this decadent and immoral society on "racist education". I do not know where Mr Haque was educated but wonder if failing to pay one's debts counts as part of the decadence and immorality of this society? I have a judgement against him for £333.65. An examination into his means by the court revealed that he appears to live on thin air; a miracle which tempted me to convert to the Islamic faith. That was a temptation I resisted, as we legal aid solicitors have been living virtually on thin air for a couple of years.

Mr Haque's counterclaim for £10,000 which subsequently he increased to £1,000,000 was dismissed. As I am lucky enough never to have been accused by Mr Haque of racism may I, through your columns, ask him to show that he is untainted by our western decadence and immorality by paying me what he owes?

Yours faithfully,
D. DAYKIN,
DAYKIN CARR,

London E17.

Room and (card)board

Sir,

I and my family have lived for 14 months in a one room B&B. Now we are told that this ROOM *has been re-classified and is now to be called temporary accommodation so at a stroke (*WELL SOMEBODY'S PULLED ONE*) there has been a* MAJOR *reduction in the amount of people living in B&B.*

I am extremely grateful to our present CARING *Government because I hated living in B&B and I can only look forward to the day when cardboard boxes are reclassified as prefabricated structures, solving the housing problem at a stroke.*

Yours faithfully,
RICHARD WALSH,

Hounslow, Middx.

Luke no further

Sir,

I refer to PRIVATE EYE *788 of 28 February and in particular to the feature "Nooks and Crannies" [sic] by "Pilotti" [sic] in which he refers to this company's alleged plans for St Luke's, Old Street.*

We were one of a number of companies interested in converting St Luke's to livery use but that interest was very shortlived because of the difficulties we foresaw. We certainly did not reach the stage of having any detailed plans, least of all of the kind suggested.

We would be most grateful if you would publish a correction in some future edition.

Yours faithfully,
I.R.P. GREEN,

Worshipful Company of Fan Makers, Cambridge.

'Orridmulsion

Sir,

The disingenuous drivel contained in the letter from Norman Woodhouse (788) on orimulsion deserves a response.

To conduct a comparison of fuels on a weight basis, as Mr Woodhouse does, is totally misleading when the relevant comparison is how much pollution is produced per unit of electricity produced.

The carbon dioxide emissions from orimulsion burning would be slightly lower than those from coal-fired stations, but slightly higher than those from oil-fired and a lot higher than those from gas-fired stations of a similar thermal efficiency. The nitrogen oxide savings claimed for orimulsion are trivial compared to the far greater reductions available from NOx abatement technologies such as selective catalytic reduction (SCR). More importantly, sulphur dioxide emissions, the main precursor of acid rain, would be up to 50 percent higher than those from average coal or oil-fired stations.

Contrary to Mr Woodhouse's assertion that "vanadium is reduced to extremely low levels", in reality one can expect vanadium emissions from orimulsion to be up to 350 times higher than those from coal-fired stations. Nickel is a similar story.

The only way we can avert serious environmental damage is to carry out investment in some truly modern power stations: for example, integrated gasification combined cycle and fluidised bed combustion, as well as renewable forms of energy and energy efficiency. Instead we are treated to the spectacle of the generators trying to make a quick, dirty buck out of old power stations that they were given for practically nothing during privatisation.

Yours faithfully,
JIM SWEET,

Earth Resources Research, London N1.

Insert one digit

Sir,

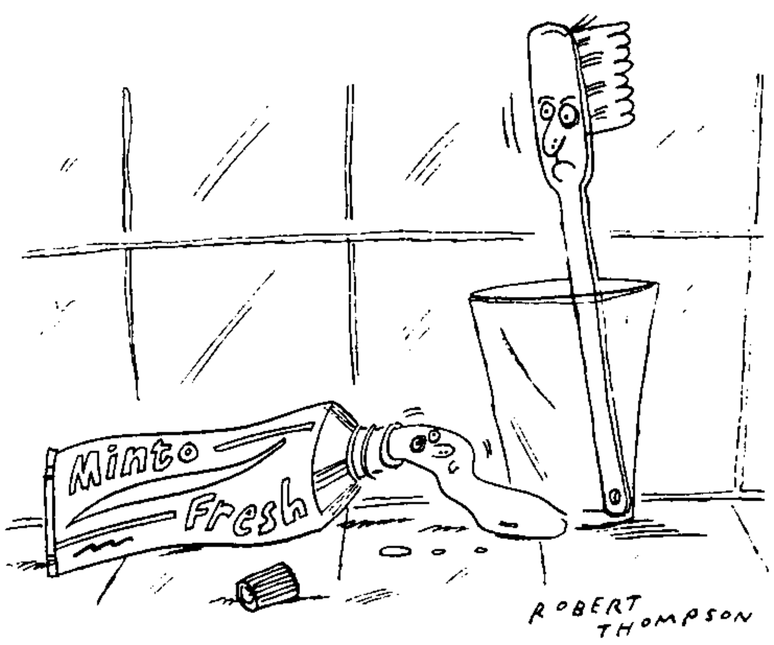
Sally Deedes (EYE 789) is quite right to criticise British Telecom regarding telephone number changes. Because of bungling in the late fifties, when the GPO ran the telephone service, London was left without its fair share of possible numbers. The replacement of the 01- area code in May 1990 with 071- and 081- was the most inelegant and shortsighted solution to this problem.

BT could just as easily have kept the familiar 01- code and added one digit to all London numbers. This would have given five times as many possible numbers as the 071/081 regime. Londoners would have eight figure numbers — as in Paris, Milan, Tokyo, etc.

There is no foreseeable shortage of numbers outside London. With 01- plus eight digits in London and the rest of the country left as it is, there would be nearly 720,000,000 numbers available — more than enough for 12 numbers for every inhabitant of these islands.

Yours faithfully,
JOSEPH B. FOX,

Redhill, Surrey.



"Sorry I'm late, got stuck in the tube"

Spot on

Sir,

Thank you for commenting on my "remarkable kindness" towards Don King in EYE *788. I must admit to being an undeserving recipient of such magnanimity; as, I think you will find, Mr King will confirm.*

Perhaps understandably, your source must have nodded off before reaching, in my INDESCRIBABLYBORINGONSUNDAY *piece, the statement: "... King, who then signed the most famous boxer in the world to a punitive contract apparently giving him absolutely no say over whom, where or when he fought."*

He must also have missed my clear qualification in the article that the investigation therein of the (mostly unpublicised) methods of Mr Tyson's former managers did not represent any endorsement of the (highly publicised) methods of Mr King. After ending my summary of the cliched view of Mr Tyson's career with the frequently-made observation that Mr King's favourite colour was "the green of a dollar bill", I added: "While this depiction of King may be true, the scenario as a whole does not stand up."

It is true that I act as an adviser to Colin McMillan, who is self-managed, and who incidentally is regarded (by most except boxing promoters) as something of a model for future boxers in that he has resisted signing precisely the sort of long-term promotional contract that Mr Tyson, like many boxers before him, had signed with Mr King.

My advice to Mr McMillan, therefore, was both not to sign the contract that Mr King was proposing for him (not for a "$2 million package", but for a multi-year promotional deal of unspecified worth) and to decline the further offer that Mr King extended of inviting Mr McMillan and his family as Mr King's guests to the Mirage Hotel in Las Vegas the following week.

Your source no doubt knew that Mr King was kind enough to thank me for this advice through his director of boxing who referred to me on the back page of a British newspaper as "a pimple on an elephant's arse".

Yours faithfully,
JONATHAN RENDALL,

Kew, Surrey.

The young actress whose steamy love scenes in a major new drama look set to shock television viewers says she may quit showbusiness if parts dry up.

Jennifer Ehle stars as Calypso, the social-climbing siren with a string of boyfriends, in the four-part series The Camomile Lawn starting on Thursday night.

Shropshire Star

Borderline

Sir,

While, like yourselves, I deplore the rise of neo-Nazism anywhere in Europe, it really is time to put an end to the myth that Croatia was a creation of Nazi Germany (EYE *789).*

1. The red-and-white chessboard is the coat of arms of the historic medieval kingdom of Croatia and to my certain knowledge, its frontier troops, which served the Habsburgs from the 7 Years War onwards, wore cloaks of this insignia during much of that period — it is not a Nazi symbol.

2. The medieval kingdom was originally centred in western Bosnia — it was the Turkish invasions of the 16th century which pushed them into the area that is now northern Croatia. This may well, of course, be the source of Starcevic's claims, rather than purely racial theory.

3. As Catholics, the Croatians were naturally closer to the Habsburgs than the Serbs (Orthodox). It was always a clear worry for the Habsburgs that in the event of trouble, the Serbs would look towards Russia for help — especially Archbishop Martinovics at the time of the Serbian revolt of 1804 against Turkey.

Further, peasants on the Military Frontier in Croatia were allowed almost "free" status, as opposed to serfdom, in return for military service to the Habsburgs. They were thus among the Habsburgs' most loyal supporters up to the dissolution of the frontier in 1881.

4. Given that modern-day Croatia's borders effectively marked the frontier of Christendom against Turkey, it should not be surprising that they have a deep-rooted tradition of links with their co-religionists, rather than the Orthodox, from whom they were separated for hundreds of years.

5. The Croatian northern border dates from 1700 and the Dalmatian western border from 1797 — these are, of course, much older frontiers than most European ones.

Yours historically,
DAVE HOLLINS,

Stamford, Lincs.

Lookalike

Howerd **Wilson**

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the remarkable resemblance between Frankie Howerd and Des Wilson, Liberal Democrats' election campaign director.

Are these two comedians by any chance related?

Yours faithfully,
MRS L. GARLAND,

Chesham, Bucks.

Sticky wicket

Sir,

Square Eyes' rubbishing of BSkyB for protecting its right to show the Cricket World Cup exclusively is a bit much and ignores the fact that it has been the only channel to take cricket seriously since the BBC began losing interest around 20 years ago. An example of this was when BSkyB carried live pictures of England's 1990 tour to the West Indies (with its own cameras), these were the FIRST *live pictures of cricket in the Caribbean ever seen in this country!*

The BBC seems a touch peevish about what it sees as its territory being invaded, but it only has itself to blame. It could have well afforded to pay the required £2m for the coverage out of its £55m sports budget, but it clearly has other priorities (Wimbledon, Olympics, etc). Even when the BBC secures rights to cricket coverage, the "highlights" packages, which Square Eyes deems sufficient for the "working cricket fan", are typically screened around midnight, or in the case of the recent New Zealand tour, at 5.30 in the afternoon. Fairly flexible working hours would be necessary to accommodate both of these. By contrast, in the case of the Cricket World Cup, BSkyB shows the whole game live (surely the purpose of TV anyway) with a rerun in prime time the following day for those who can't stay up all night.

The BBC has gleefully outbid BSkyB for rights to the Benson & Hedges Cup next season, ignoring the fact that the final stages will clash with the Barcelona Olympics. It is difficult to escape the conclusion that thwarting BSkyB was the main objective.

The sideswipe at John Major over the Radio 3 coverage is also wide of the mark. Instead of disappearing from Radio 3, TEST MATCH SPECIAL *will be carried this summer on Radio 3 FM. Cricket lovers against Major? What on earth does he suppose that Mr Kinnock would do for the game?*

Yours faithfully,
S.M. CONNOLLY,

Finstock, Oxon.

Andrew "Brio pad"?

Sir,

In respect of your numerous references to Mr Andrew Neill as "Brillo Pad" : I have been told this refers to the colour and the neatness of his hair.

However, the other night I saw Mr Neill on television, and while the tidiness of his hair was indeed exceptional, it was a sort of dusky magenta colour. Although this could be likened to a very rusty metal scourer, the comparison seems tenuous, so the sobriquet hardly suits Mr Neill.

Talking of suits, his was a sort of khaki/lime colour that reflected the lights very nicely. The general colour scheme was quite striking, but my television may not have been faultlessly tuned. Still, the weight of evidence suggests that whatever made you call Mr Neill "Brillo Pad" in the past, the nickname has become outmoded and should be dropped.

Yours faithfully,
KEITH MONEY,

Thetford, Norfolk.

Going for Golding

Sir,

I think you are being a little harsh, however, on Charles Golding, who objected to publishing details of the Stephanie Slater case. Perhaps doing so wasn't illegal, but it bloody well should be. If the publicity given to the arrest of the accused in this case had occurred in Scotland then the editor would have been up before the beak and the chances are that the case would have had to be dropped as being hopelessly prejudiced.

Perhaps Golding was wrong in law, and if his words were as you reported, he was certainly pompous. But you should not ridicule him for showing some subconscious signs of decency.

Yours faithfully,
MAGNUS K MOODIE,

Edinburgh.

Satchellite channel

Sir,

Re: Hackwatch No 17: Tim Satchell
It has to be said, you lot really are Dickheads.
If the person responsible for your amusing little piece would like to make themselves known to me, I will take great pleasure in biffing them on the nose.
If you have been...

Yours faithfully,
TONY SATCHELL
(A RELATION),

London W10.

I-SPY

Italy

Submitted by Ralph Steadman. £10 paid for similar submissions. ***(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)***

Fireman's balls

Sir,

Smoke without Fine

Alas, not so! No smoking by Jaybotham in Beeb studio, during Budget or otherwise. No "fireman in attendance". No "£25". All balls. Memo in question dated circa 1980! "Dirty Tricks Dept" fingerprints on this one. Suggest "Fearless Gnome Probe". Beware of shits.

Yours impenetrably,
(SIR) PETER JAYBOTHAM,

London W5 2DJ.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"There's the Mersey crowd biting their teeth."

Darts Commentator, BBC 2
(Tim Hopkins)

"Can Wattana top his record break of one hundred and forty-seven?"

NICK OWEN, LWT
(C.S. Thirsk)

Jimmy Hill: *Do you think you're going to be the next Gary Lineker?*

Alan Shearer: *No, I think I'm going to be the next Alan Shearer.*

BBC
(Geoff Smeddle)

"Mrs Thatcher would be turning in her grave if she could hear you say that."

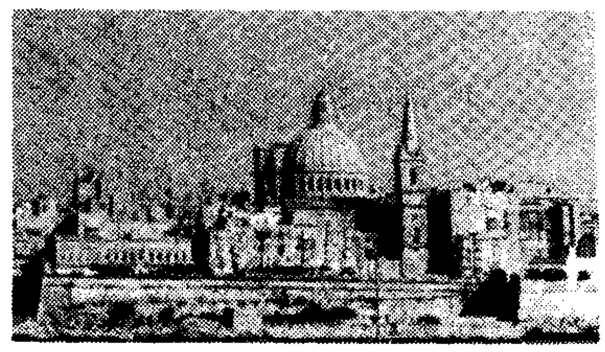
JEREMY PAXMAN, BBC 2
(Jerry Quicksilver)

"The US pair have completed their programme and here are their marks. They are the first pair to compete and they are now in first place."

BRAD NESSLER, CBS
(David Potts)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



Letter from **Malta**

from Our Own Correspondent

THE Labour Party's humilating election defeat a few weeks ago has significantly bettered our chances of joining the European Community as a full member.

With his Nationalist Party returned to power for a second five-year term, Dr Eddie Fenech Adami, the premier, expects Brussels to sanction our application before 1995.

EC membership will further dash the fortunes of Labour, whose outdated solutions to our many problems — not to mention the party's close affinities with Libya — need a complete overhaul. All that can save the party from disintegration are the radical changes sparked by the election result. Labour leader Dr Karmenu Mifsud Bonnici, Gadaffi's erstwhile ally in the Med, is quitting and Dr George Vella, 49, a moderate, has been suggested as successor. Dr Joe Brincat, the deputy leader, blew a gasket but then put in his own bid. The sensible money is on Dr Vella.

While Labour was trounced for its lack of credibility, the Fenech Adami administration — despite many misgivings — was at least partly kept in power for having pulled down most of the stringent impositions levied by previous socialist governments on Malta's 350,000 inhabitants. Our shops now bulge with foreign goods.

Government, however, has been spending money with abandon, building spectacular air terminals, installing state of the art telecommunications stations, launching a new freeport and generally making sure everyone had bulging bank accounts by the time the island came to cast its vote. Freedom, hugely restricted under Dom Mintoff, the geriatric former socialist premier, has been restored.

During the election campaign, Labour's Mifsud Bonnici scored some spectacular own goals as one gaffe followed another. His shocking suggestion that a Labour government would legalise hard drugs gave the Nationalist Party a huge high. He than pledged to grant Malta's tiny offshore island of Gozo and its 21,000 inhabitants political independence. By the time party bosses said he was joking, the Labour leader was unstoppable. Days before the election he said the real reason behind his party's objection to Malta joining the EC was to counter the spread of AIDS.

The election degenerated into the worst mismatch we have ever seen, which explains how the ruling Christian Democrats won such a sweeping victory. For in the same way that Mifsud Bonnici had failed to reform Labour, Fenech Adami has also been unable to bridle his more hedonistic cabinet colleagues. Many have found the featherbedded ways of their less than virtuous socialist predecessors too tempting to resist.

Tales of party pundits winning huge government contracts abound, and in what looks like an awesome case of nepotism the brother of the education minister was, in one fell swoop, made a university professor, elevated to the bench, appointed chief justice and finally, just before the elections, given a plump job at the International Court of Justice.

Opposition critics were close to the truth when they claimed that Malta now has one of the worst crime records in Europe and that the spread of drugs had made the problem worse. Economically we still sail close to the wind, with the government dipping its hands deeper into the national coffers to finance spending.

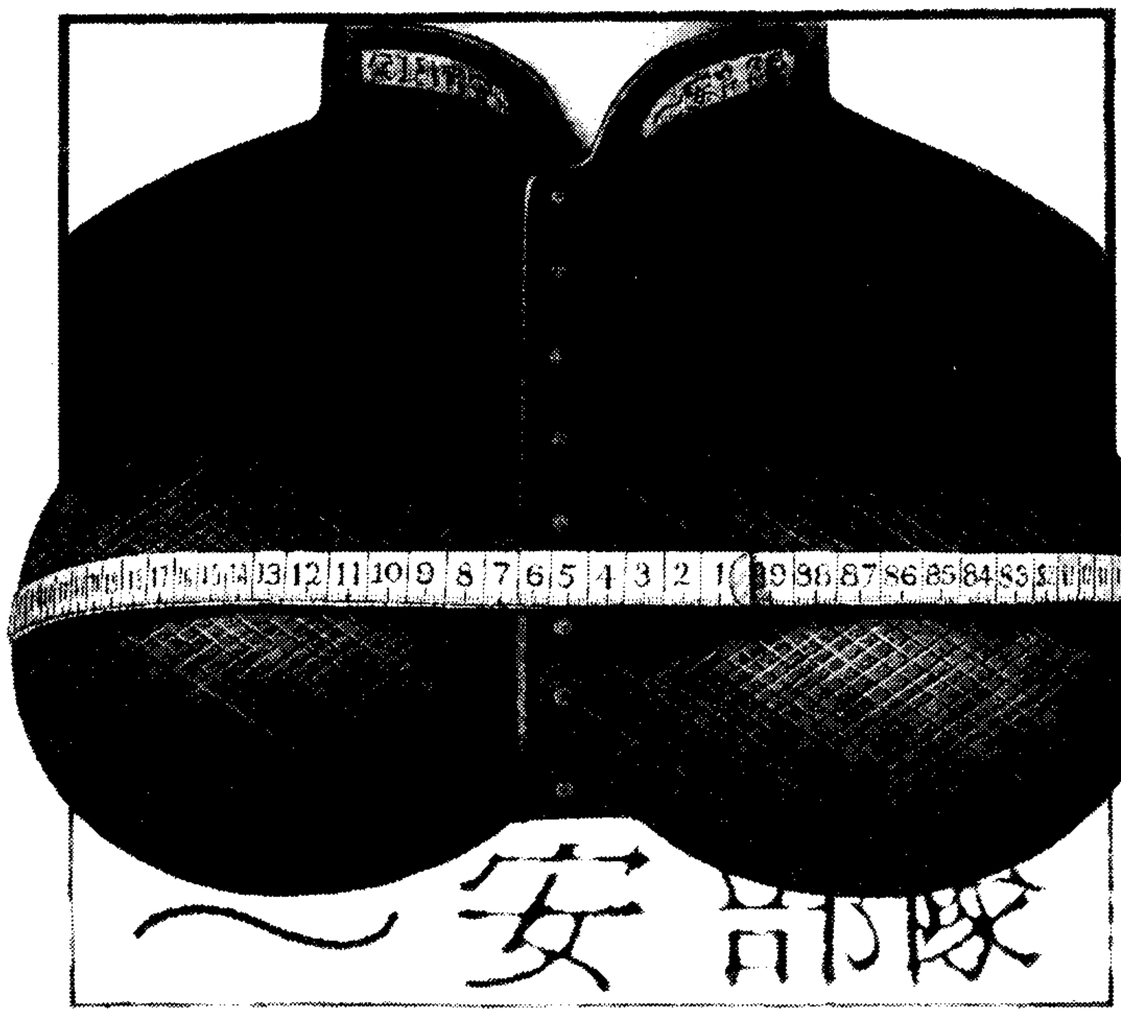
In sharp contrast with his socialist predecessors, however, Fenech Adami has managed to outfox everyone, at home and abroad, not once getting into trouble. A case in point is the handling of the island's powerful Roman Catholic church, which he recently forced to hand over her immovable property to the state — said to cover a third of the island — for beer money.

The shrewd Fenech Adami is, however, unlikely to take on the challenge of a new young leader of the Labour Party. Should our EC negotiations work out, he will probably cash in his chips and hand the party over to a youthful Austin Gatt, the sharp Nationalist secretary who successfully ran the party's February election campaign.

The tussle for power in Malta over the next five years between two new young political leaders should be worth watching.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

TRUE STORIES



Illuminated by BERT KITCHEN

A SPOKESMAN for the Hayes (Afternoon) Townswomen's Guild said: "Following the announcement of our gardening secretary's death, Mr Wilson gave an illustrated talk on the Massacre of Glencoe, after which the meeting had a surprise when, while speaking about the wildflowers that grow in churchyards, Mrs Bletchley released a bat she had been minding for a friend. The Members were fascinated as they watched it fly about."

DURING his speech to the Federation of Professional Taiwanese Women, Vice-Justice Minister Lawn Shy-Hwu announced that the regulation demanding that Taiwanese policewomen have a minimum bust-size of 89cm has been scrapped.

"This regulation has been attacked as discriminatory," he said. "Policemen do not have a regulatory bust-size — though they must be at least 160cm tall. We introduced the 89cm bust rule to prove that our policewomen were strong, healthy, and could bear down on their suspects in an imposing manner."

IN A case of "serious and deliberate fraud", Stroud magistrates heard that, although Mr David Foskett had obtained some £700 in income support from the Department of Social Security, he had during the same period tried to avoid paying his £209.73 poll tax by claiming to be dead.

"During a nostalgia trip to Horton Road Hospital, Mr Foskett came across an old death certificate which he filled in in his own name and sent off to the District Council," said Miss Reddrop, prosecuting.

The magistrates abandoned their wish to give Mr Foskett three months unpaid community service work when they were told that he could not attend because he needs to sleep.

MR Renato Aguda, a Filipino insurance executive, had decided to sue the management of the Tokyo Disneyland for disrespect to his fellow countrymen.

"I took my three children to visit this fun-park and one of the first things we saw was a trio of actors dressed in monkey outfits and traditional Filipino costumes performing our famous *tiniling* national dance.

"When I complained, I was told that in future the dancers would wear chipmunk costumes but would not give up the *tiniling* 'as this is the only dance we know'. So these Shinto robots have reduced us from simians to rodents."

"WE KNEW that Edward Jones had a bad past," said Dr West Richards of the Illinois First Baptist Chapel. "Nevertheless, it came as something of a shock when, in his first address as pastor, he revealed from the pulpit that he was a reformed Mafia hitman who had killed 28 people over 15 years while working for Murder Incorporated, found God while on Death Row, and had been one of the committee that planned the Watergate Conspiracy.

"We were willing to forgive and forget things, but when the local police revealed that these incidents had never taken place, although he had strangled his second wife in 1987, we decided that he was not the man we thought he was."

Declining to speak to the press, Pastor Jones's present wife Janice said: "He is waiting for things to die down."

IT HAS been confirmed that Mr James Salaforn dropped his trousers and said: "Come here, Derek, and I'll slip you a length," to Mr Jorn Case in the corridor of the South Western Polytechnic and not, as alleged, in front of the Abbotsford Industrial Tribunal.

INFORMATION: Bromley & Hayes News Shopper 22.1.92; Straits Times 23.1.92; Stroud News & Journal 22.1.92; Philippine Business World 9.10.91; Jerusalem Post 25.1.92; Mid-Devon Advertiser 3.12.91.

MONITORS: Andy & Caroline Ivy, Greg Pearson, P.J. Finn, Anthony Phillips, H. Shoresh, B.W. Thomas.

PETER MCLIE

The World's Worst Columnist *

ISN'T IT about time John Major put us out of our misery and named the day? The uncertainty is driving us all up the wall.

My money is on a date in June — but I don't mind which month it is, as long as we can get the election over and done with.

☐ **HAVE you noticed we don't hear much about Fergie nowadays?**

Why is this, I wonder? Could it be that she has taken my advice by forsaking the limelight in order to work at her marriage?

I hope so, don't you?

☐ *WHOEVER invented shoelaces deserves a medal in my opinion.*

Just imagine a world without these ingenious little lengths of string.

Why — one's shoes would fall off constantly, as one walked along the street. It would take hours to get anywhere at all.

Britain's inventors have a great deal to be proud of, wouldn't you say?

☐ **HAVE you seen all those funny yellow flowers in the park, suddenly sprouting everywhere like something from one of those science fiction movies they show on late-night TV?**

And talking of that, did you see that film on the other day? Wasn't it terrible? I can't imagine who watches this sort of rubbish.

(You're fired, Ed.)

**Winner of the What the Papers Say Worst Columnist of the Year Award.*

The women's unit has boasted of its work with the Proud Old Lesbians, the Irish Lesbian Network and the Turkish Lesbian Group. Conservative opposition leader Joe Lobenstein says: "I'm all in favour of race equality but this is just jobs for the boys.

Evening Standard

"It's all rubbish – my old man smoked 300 a day, and he lived to be seven"

The Secret DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47¾

Monday

I am delighted by the success of Norma Lamont's budget. He promised me that he would not bribe the public to win votes and this morning's polls show he has been as good as his word. We are 3 points behind. Even better, my friend Chris has produced lots of brilliant new posters. The best is one which shows how there will be many more learner drivers under the Conservatives. This is thanks to Norma's boost to our car industry by giving away cars to small businesses free of charge. It is almost as good as the one about the Double Whamburger.

Tuesday

Mr Smith has made an absolute idiot of himself with his first budget as Labour Chancellor. We always predicted Labour would make a mess of it when they got in, and here is the proof. He has foolishly put his foot in his own goal by offering lower taxes for 98 per cent of the population.

I told the Cabinet that this was clearly just a cynical bribe which the electorate will immediately see through. "Is that why Labour has now gone 5 points ahead?" asked Mr Waldegrave, in his sneery public-school voice. I am seriously beginning to think that there is one cut the health service could benefit from! Oh yes.

Wednesday

Today Chris told me that our secret weapon to win the election was ready to go. He took me out into the street where there was an enormous Greyhound bus, with the slogan written on the side WHAM YESTERDAY AND WHAM TOMORROW BUT NEVER WHAM TODAY UNDER LABOUR. Unfortunately there was not room for all these words, so the last bit had to be written very small. Inside they had built a replica of my office down to the tiniest detail, even including my Daily Telegraph Wallmap of the World and the old peanut butter jar in which I keep my special biros, one for each day of the week. There is also a fax machine, a toilet and a very large television. As we headed up the M5 Chris switched it on and there was Mr Heseltine waving his arms about and saying that Mr Kinnock was a raving lunatic who should be locked up. Everyone cheered wildly.

"Well, John, what do you think of our secret weapon?" Chris asked. "I think it is a very nice bus", I said.

Thursday

Today I launched our manifesto at a special press conference. It is very much my own work, although in fact it was written by other people. On the front there is a picture of what Chris calls "the new caring face of Conservatism". It is me, with my new glasses! Inside there is plenty to read, with full details of all my charters, now over 100 in all. There is even a complete timetable for all the BR trains in the country, with the names of who to complain to if your train is more than 2 hours late! After they played the Persil tune by my friend Andrew Lloyd-Webber, I was ready to answer questions from all the journalists, but Chris explained that there was no time, I was going to submit myself to a full grilling by the public later in the day.

Sure enough, that evening I was taken to a Conservative Club in Hemel Hempstead to face a barrage of hostile questions from all sections of the local Conservative party. I had to sit informally in the middle of lots of people, and then the interrogation began with a question from my friend Jeffrey Archer, who just happened to be in the audience. "Don't you agree that it would be a disaster if Mr Kinnock won the election?" he asked. Well, you'd think a close friend could come up with an easy one to start with. Afterwards he explained that he could not afford to be seen sucking up to me, and told me that I had handled it brilliantly, once I had got into my stride.

Friday

I am to be the star of a film! A very famous director called Slazenger has decided that he wants to make a film about my life. It is to be called "The Journey", and it is about a man who rises from the slums to become Prime Minister, just like in a Jeffrey Archer story. The first part of the film is about me going to Brixton to see if the house where I used to live is still there. In fact I know it is, but I had to pretend that I didn't know, so that when we came round the corner I could say: "Look, there it is. My old house. It is still there. It is. Vote Conservative." Then the

second half of the film showed me driving back in the car to Number 10 Downing Street, which is the house where I live now. It is rather shorter than a normal film, but it will be shown all over the country. My friend Chris said: "If that doesn't win us the election, nothing will." Labour are now 7 points ahead in the polls.

Saturday

Imagine my not inconsiderable surprise when you-know-who (Mrs Thatcher) turned up on the same platform as me at our big meeting — incidentally it was our best yet and everyone stood up and cheered at the end. But I said to Chris: "Why is that woman here? I thought the party had got rid of her because she was going to lose us the election."

Chris smiled and said: "That's right, John, but we are doing so well now that we can afford to show a little kindness. It meant a lot to her to hear them all cheering you when she finished her speech." Chris can be very thoughtful in his way.

"I am merely reflecting the sort of question people at home are probably asking..."

WARRING COUPLE MAKE IT UP

Tearful scenes at reunion

by Our Royal Staff **James Whitaker,** editor of *Whitaker's Allmadeup*

"WE have talked things through and we have decided to make a go of it."

This was the shock announcement that warmed the hearts of loyal men and women all over Britain.

The months of wrangling during which the much-loved couple exchanged angry insults and were seldom seen together have been forgotten.

The statement continued:

"It's time to forgive and forget. We have to think of our little ones."

This was believed to be a reference to the latest opinion poll showing a very small Conservative lead.

InterFergie

The reconciliation between the Duchess of Finchley, or Mergie as she is known to the tabloids, and her other half began two weeks ago when John Major sent Mergie a bouquet of flowers as a peace offering. Now the process has bloomed into a full-scale reunion.

Yesterday the smiling couple were seem together in a brief encounter on a platform.

Major wrong

"He's my man and he always will be," beamed Mergie.

"Without me telling him what to do he would be absolutely useless."

John Major is 12.

ON OTHER PAGES

Labour to wheel out Michael Foot as secret weapon

GLENDA SLAGG

The Gal Who Gets Your Vote

DOESN'T it make you sick? The way the palace has got the knives out for the Duchess of York?!! Hats off to fun-loving Fergie, the raunchy redhead who put a bit of life into the dead as mutton Royal Family!!? No wonder they wanted to give her the boot — but I say you're well rid of them, Fergs honey, especially Old Boot-Face, or Her Majesty The Queen as we're all supposed to call her!!?!

SPARE a thought for Her Majesty The Queen as, once again, this lovely lady has to stand by and watch her loved ones a-spittin' and a-splittin'!? Our hearts go out to the Jewel in our Crown in her hour of sadness!? Wake up, Fergie, you fat slag *(surely 'thin'? Ed.)* and get back to your hubby's side!?! No wonder people hate you!?!

SO Phil Collins will leave the country if Labour win?! Go on then, baldy, clear off and don't wait till polling day! Go on, scram!!! Buster!!? (Geddit?!?!)

INSPECTOR Morse?! Aren't-chasickofhim with his cranky old car and his Mozart records — this tedious 'tec puts me to sleep!?! And his soppy sidekick is no better!? Have Morsey on us (Geddit?) for Gawd's sake and hand in your badge?!?!

INSPECTOR Morse? Don'tchajuslovehim?! Let me tell you, spires aren't the only dreamy things in Oxford, Mister?!! With his laid-back charm and his sexy sidekick he can come and ask me a few intimate questions any time?!! Like, "What are you doing tonight?!! CID you later Big Boy!?!" Geddit? M-m-m-orse.

Here it is, Glenda's Man-ifesto (Geddit?!!)

GRAHAM GOOCH – Hi there Mr Moustache! It's rain *starts* play at my place!!

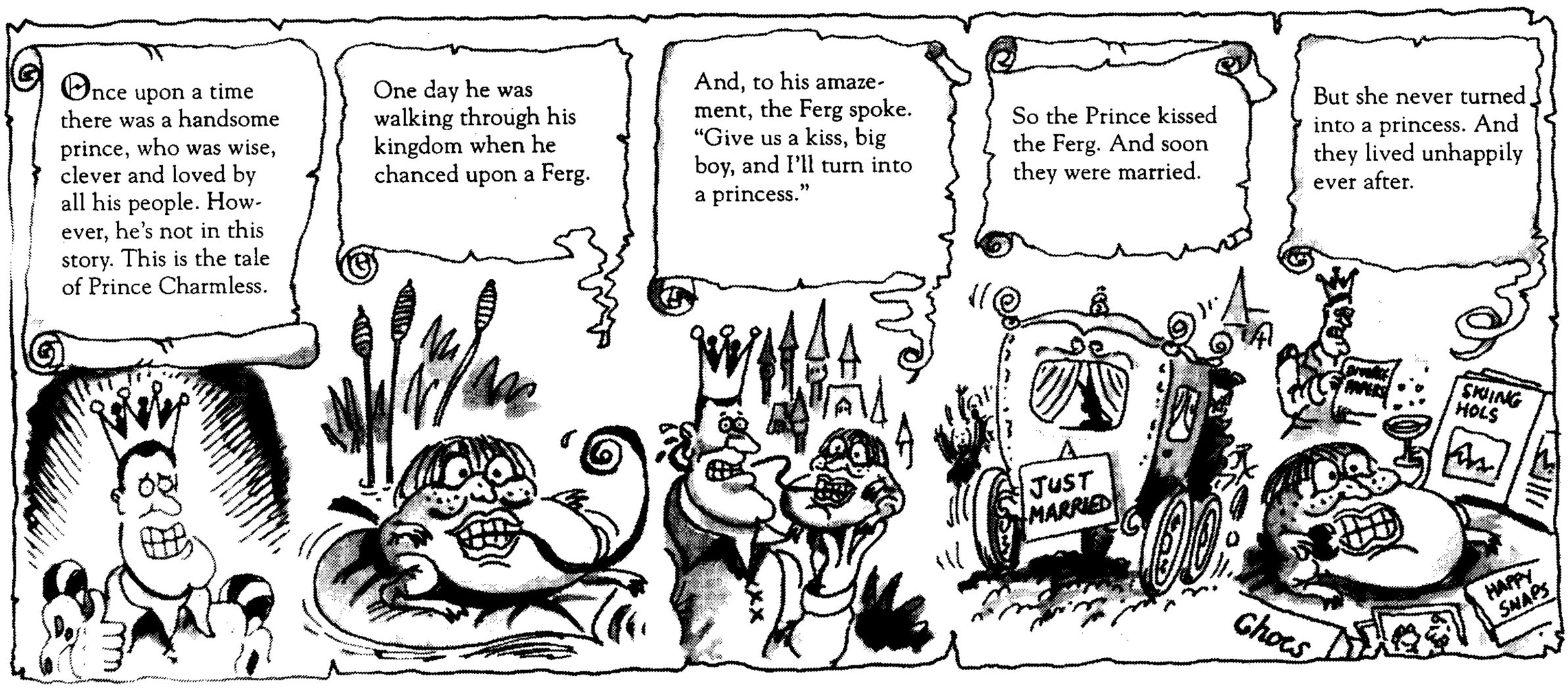
NIGEL MANSELL – Hi there Mr Moustache!! You can have pole position with Glenda anytime!?!

ALAN BEITH, MP – Why don't you grow a moustache and then I might fancy you.

Byeeee - election!!!

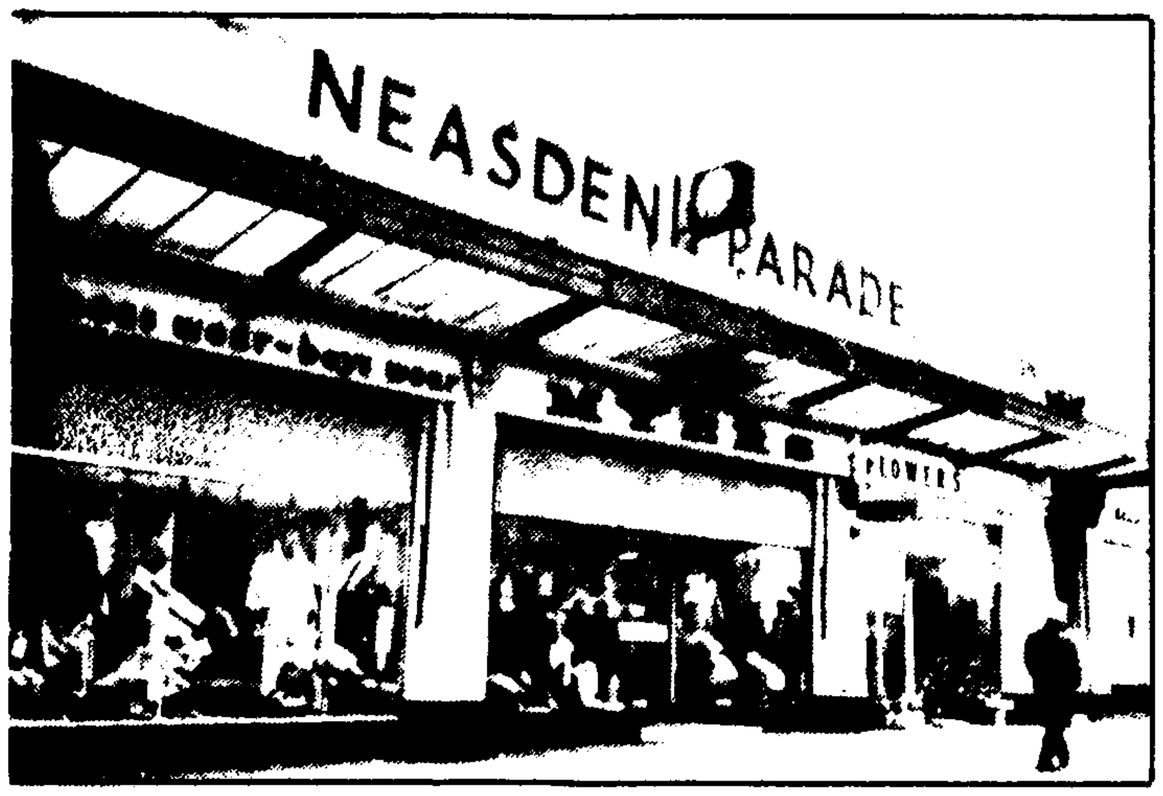
(You're fired. This is worse than Mackay. Ed.)

Grim Fairy Tales


Once upon a time there was a handsome prince, who was wise, clever and loved by all his people. However, he's not in this story. This is the tale of Prince Charmless.
One day he was walking through his kingdom when he chanced upon a Ferg.
And, to his amazement, the Ferg spoke. "Give us a kiss, big boy, and I'll turn into a princess."
So the Prince kissed the Ferg. And soon they were married.
But she never turned into a princess. And they lived unhappily ever after.
JUST MARRIED
SKIING HOLS
HAPPY SNAPS
Chocs

EYELECTION '92

■ Every minute, every hour, every day, we shall be bringing you round-the-clock news, views and snooze *(surely 'comment'? Ed)* on the parties, the leaders, the issues that make up Britain's most closely fought election for decades.



MARGINAL ROUNDUP by Marginal Proops

Neasden Central

■ Historically one of Labour's safest seats in south-east England, Neasden Central fell to the Tories in 1983 by only 256 votes. The successful candidate, Terry Towelling, a local estate agent, held the seat in 1987, increasing his majority to 25,860. But in the past two years the recession has hit Neasden hard. In the once-bustling Tesco Road shopping precinct, the Tie Rack, Sock Shop, and the Spud-u-like Sushi Takeaway Heel Bar Massage Parlour all stand closed, with FOR SALE signs in the window.

"Times are hard," says local newsagent Monty Gerhardi. "In the good old days of Thatcherism I'd be shifting half a dozen Yorkie Bars in an afternoon. Now I'm lucky if I sell one."

It was the same story in the Gerald Ronson Karaoke Lounge of the Boston Arms. "Two years ago you couldn't get a seat in here at lunchtime. Now I'm the only person drinking."

Up the road, the once-thriving futon factory, which in the boom years employed as many as two people (Sid and Doris Bonkers), last month closed its doors for ever.

Against this background it is going to be a hard-fought contest, as Labour's Jill Gobb, a 42-year-old supply teacher, battles to wrest Neasden back to the Labour fold. "After thirteen years of Tory misrule, the people of Neasden are saying 'It's time for a change'."

Meanwhile the Lib Dems, who have been showing well in local council elections, are hoping to improve on their 1987 showing of 18.9 per cent with a strong candidate, Jocelyn Earring, 26, who is well known in the area as Chair of the Neasden Gays Against Foxhunting campaign.

But the Tory incumbent, Towelling, is undaunted by what he calls "the mountain we have to climb". As a sign that opinion is turning his way, he cites the recent meeting at the George V Memorial Hall, when Malcolm Rifkind drew an audience of over 10 people to hear him outline Tory plans to privatise BR's parcels service.

Make no mistake, Neasden Central, 46th on Labour's target list, will be the key indicator that the rest of Britain will be watching on the night of 9 April.

Candidates in full

T. Towelling *(Con)*

J. Gobb *(Lab)*

J. Earring *(Lib Dem)*

T.H.Q. Pendleton-Smythe *(Green)*

Mandy Swishcane *(Publicity Stunt)*

Jean-Marie le Benn *(Double Whammy Raving Monster Social Democrat Party)*

H. Gussett *(Anti-Zebra Crossing)*

M. Truebeard *(Real Liberal Party)*

J. Browne *(Independent Crook)*

R. Brown *(Independent Knickers in Pocket)*

A. Hitler *(Keep Neasden White)*

Muhammed Al Jolson *(Kill Salman Rushdie Now party)*

ON THE STUMP

with Mark Beardie, Alexander Chancetogetoutoftheoffice and Everyone Else

■ At 6.30 yesterday morning I joined 3,000 other journalists on the Kinnock Express at Paddington.

Two hours later we were sitting in the St Ivel's Primary School in a suburb of Grottingham. Things were not going well for the well-oiled Walworth Road election machine. The spin doctors were visibly nervous as one microphone after another failed to work. "It's what we call a testing time," said one Kinnock aide, breaking the tension.

Eventually we were allowed to watch on closed-circuit television the Labour leader crouching down to talk to a hand-picked group of nine-year-olds. "I hope he doesn't find their questions too demanding," quipped one cynical journalist (myself).

But soon we were on our way again as the dove-grey Major battlebus swung us onto the M95, heading for the key marginal of Grotchester. Here the photo-opportunity was the sight of Mr Major in a white coat talking to selected workers in a crisp factory. "I hope you'll all be supporting us on 9 April," he told them. "Not the crispest example of election repartee," joked one weary media-wag (myself).

But already we had been whistled on our way to the old cotton town of Grochdale, in the Ashdown Helicopter.

This time we had the chance to watch the Liberal Democrat leader donning a hard hat to tour a new multi-storey car park which is to be named after the town's former Liberal MP Sir Cyril Pavarotti.

Ashdown told his audience of journalists: "We are on our way." I'm not sure that many of us battle-weary reporters were disposed to believe him.

There is an air of total unreality about this election. One sometimes feels that it has been reduced to nothing more than a media-circus.

As the helicopter took us home to London, one hack whose wit remained undimmed by the day's experiences (myself yet again) quipped: "Good to see Paddy's got his chopper out again."

Somehow it seemed to sum up the whole election.

© All newspapers, every day, 1992.

TOMORROW: The same piece again.

CAPE SMITH 18

If you thought *The Silence of the Lamonts* was frightening, think again!

This is beyond your wildest nightmare. The scene — an agreeable middle-class home somewhere in south-east England, full of professional people enjoying warmth and security on £50,000 a year. But outside in the darkness a crazed psychopath is at large, with revenge burning in his brain! He is out of control. He is more terrifying than anything on earth! He is John Smith.

WARNING: There are scenes of explicit tax and fiscal violence which certain viewers on more than £20,000 a year may find so disturbing that they will be forced to vote Conservative.

A Whammer Film in conjunction with Tory Central Office.
Directed by Michael Loser.

Now showing at these selected Gnomeons

Whammersmith	Portillo Road	East Mellor	Patten Garden	Archerway
Lamont	Waldegrave	Chalker Farm	Bottomley	Whampstead Heath

Have we been here before?

asks Alan Watneys

■ The present election must remind us all of the dilemma which faćed Lord Liverpool in 1826 when he decided to dissolve the famous "Turnip Parliament" and to go to the country on the issue of the repeal of the laws against man-traps.

His Whig opponent, Sir Edward James Fox the Younger, tried to rally his supporters behind the slogan LIVERPOOL'S DOUBLE WHAMMY COULD MEAN INCOME TAX UP TO 2d. However, in the event, as we all know, it was the unexpected intervention of the Hon. Kevin Cavendish-Portland (later the 14th Duke of Rutland) which *(contd p. 94)*

In today's Independent

■ **Election Round-Up:** The Media Election — Peter Jenkins interviews Polly Toynbee — *Pages 2-6*

■ **Raptaptonic:** Lynette Trabbs interviews top American rap star M.C. Igloo on his new release Big Bad Flash — *Page 8*

■ **Medical Briefing**: Do hearing aids cause cancer? Dr Oliver Sillie investigates — *Page 12*

■ **The Heath Cartoon Contest:** New competition in which readers are asked to explain today's cartoon drawing by Michael Heath — *Page 20*

■ **Music:** Opera Cornwall's radical new production of Heinz Beanz's *Doktor Mueller und Die Lunatiken* — *Page 22*

■ **Other News:** Red-haired woman seeks divorce from naval officer — *Page 24*

Diana Smirk

Harriet Lovey

John Cleese

HOW THE STARS LINE UP FOR BRITAIN'S DAY OF DECISION

TORY

Diana Smirk *(ITV's "Mrs Fothergill")*

Fred Rabbit *(STV's "Mr Magic")*

Jimmy Jinks *(comedian)*

Sid Leafmould *(presenter of Radio Trent's The Weekend Gardener)*

Felicity Floss *(actress)*

Gary Foul *(professional footballer)*

Ken Higgit *(best-selling novelist, The Icarus Conundrum and others)*

Lucinda Lycett-Green *(finalist in Stockholm 3-Day Eventing European Cup, 1982).*

Harry Neasden *(alternative comedian)*

Len Poach *(director of Channel Four's award-winning Up The IRA drama-documentary)*

Gary Goal *(professional footballer)*

Ken Haggit *(best-selling novelist, The Daedalus Complex and others)*

Jenny Spring *(4x400 bronze medallist, Bratislava Games 1986)*

Crispin Fry *(actor, star of Neasden Building Society commercial)*

Sara Dimwit *(presenter of BBC2's late-night art show, Turn Off)*

Mrs Margaret Thatcher *(shurely shome mishtake?)*

LABOUR

Harriet Lovey *(RSC actress)*

LIB DEMS

John Cleese *(millionaire businessman).*

Reprinted from the Labour Party Manifesto

The Coming Of The Major

April was the cruellest month.
We had a hard time, with the
Poll tax and Liverpool
Getting knocked out of the UEFA Cup.

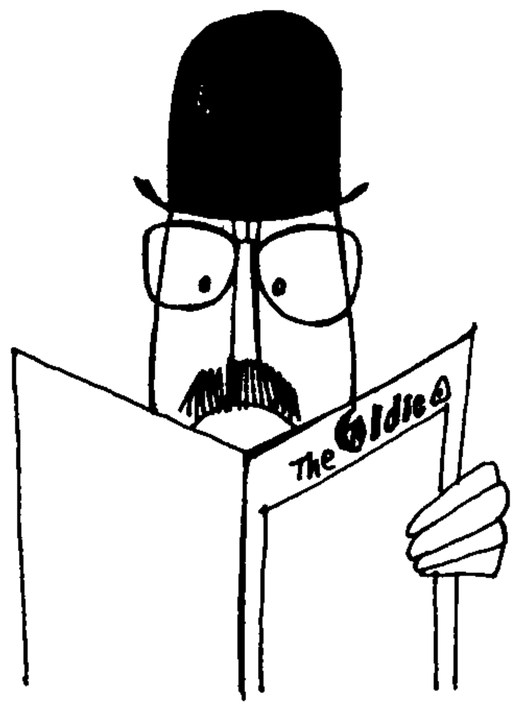
No wonder there are millions of homeless
In the streets and the latest
Unemployment figures are frankly, to my
Mind, sickening.

I blame Thatch.
And that new bloke with the glasses.
Major, Major, Major. Out, out, out.
Vote Labour on 9 April.

Adrian Spart (59¾)

Adrian Spart is a Liverpool poet published by Fabber and Fabber. His recent collection *Eliot Was A Fascist* is available from the Toxteth Poetry Workspace, 12p.

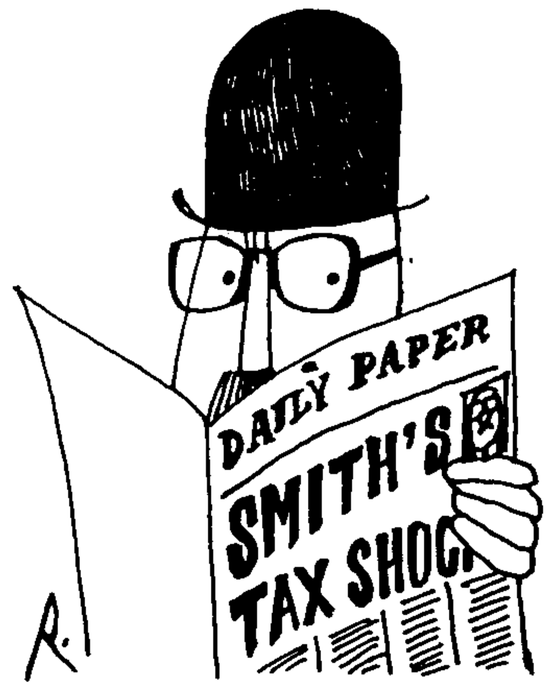
CHATTO



If that fellow Smith was leading the Labour Party I might even be tempted to vote for him...

...really knows his stuff on the economy...

...sensible, canny, cautious, prudent, Scottish...



...A-a-a-a-a-r-g-h!

BORE OF BORES

A *Private Eye* Election '92 service which compiles all the results of the different polling organisations into one comprehensive at-a-glance indicator of the current state of the Bores.

Jeremy Paxman	**98%**
David Dimbleby	**75%**
Jonathan Dimbleby	**74%**
Peter Snow	**72%**
Vincent Hanna	**57%**
John Cole	**52%**
Edward Sturton	**46%**
Peter Jay	**100%**
Someone on Sky News	**1%**
TV's Charles Moore	**0%**

Compiled by Gallup, Harris, MORI, BBC, Independent, Grapefruit Segments.

POETRY CORNER

Lines on the Retirement of 83 Members of Parliament

So. Farewell
Then.

William Benyon,
Frank Haynes,
Sir Anthony
Meyer, Ivan
Stanbrook, Merlyn
Rees, Sir Ian
Stewart, Sir David
Price, Sir Ian
Lloyd, Sir Charles
Morrison, Dafydd
Elis Thomas, Robert
Boscawen, Sir Geoffrey
Finsberg, Mike
Woodcock, Peter
Rost.

Etcetera.

E.J. Thribb (17½)

Great Bores Of Today

"...I tried to record that programme the other night the one with John Stride in it we'd gone out to dinner and when we got back it had turned itself off and recorded *Newsnight* instead I spent about half an hour with the instruction booklet which is all translated from the Japanese so you can't understand it apparently you have to put a screwdriver in the back and adjust this little thing which tunes it but you then have to find a free channel anyway I rang up the dealer and he didn't have a clue so I tried again on my own yesterday and nothing happened at all it was completely blank and it had recorded over *Inspector Morse* which I wanted to keep the kid next door came round and fixed it in five seconds there's nothing kids don't know about videos anything electronic they're brilliant with so he got it going which was great but after he went I couldn't turn it off so I've got twelve hours of ITV through the night I've got this Spanish comedy show and then Eve Pollard talking to someone in Canada but there is a helpline which you can ring up unfortunately we've just got this new mobile phone and I can't get a dialling tone..."

NEWSAGENT

"Oh, no! It's a new magazine devoted to the Royals!"

Celeb

LIGGER

CONGRATULATIONS, SIR. HE'S BEAUTIFUL.
THANKYOU JOHNSON. NOW LET'S GET HOME PRONTO.
AS SOON AS YOUNG DARCY'S TUCKED UP IN HIS COT I'M GOING TO HAVE A NICE LITTLE CELEBRATION.
I TRUST EVERYTHING'S READY IN THE NURSERY AS I REQUESTED, JOHNSON.
OF COURSE, SIR.
EXCELLENT, JOHNSON. BRING THE LOT UP TO THE HOUSE.
CANNABIS
CANABIS SATIVA
CANABIS SATIVA

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: Charles and Diana are visiting Dallas Lodge to try to persuade the Yorks to stick together.

Now read on...

"SINCE you're here, Your Highness, I think I should be on my way." Sir Ephraim Tortfeasor, senior partner of the highly respected firm of marital lawyers Tortfeasor, Tortfeasor & Gimp, closed his moroccan-bound briefcase and made towards the door.

An awkward silence ensued as the four young royals sat stony-faced on the matching pair of zebra-skin settees (a present from Mr David Sullivan, proprietor of the *Sunday Sport*) which dominated the Leisure Room of Dallas Lodge.

Charles coughed uncomfortably. He had never felt at ease at his brother's custom-built home in Berkshire. He cast a critical eye at the decor, the work of the young interior designer Ms Shirley Burchill, whose work on the Oxford Street McDonald's building has been so much admired by the critics. He had never thought carpeted walls an attractive proposition from an aesthetic point of view, and the indoor illuminated pond in the fireplace would not have been his first choice. He watched as a pink plastic flamingo nodded its head towards the water. It was undoubtedly a feat of mechanical ingenuity, but the overall effect could only be described by one word. Appalling. Which left no words to describe the picture which had replaced the watercolour he had given the couple as a wedding present, which they had hung over the stainless-steel mantelpiece. *Balmoral in the Fog* — yes, he had been rather pleased with that one, especially the rabbit crouched in the foreground. And there, in its place, was a poster of a female tennis player scratching her rear in a rather provocative way...

He suddenly realised that Diana was talking.

"Ya, that's right. At Relate, you know, where I go a lot actually, what we try and do is talk it through with like both partners and not take sides. You with me?"

Charles was puzzled by this.

"Hang on though, Diana," he interrupted. "*It's all* Fergie's fault. Carrying on with that American chap. I read it in the papers."

Fergie glared at Charles, an angry pout distorting her exquisite features. Petulantly she tossed her flame-red hair, which set off her emerald-and-puce Fukiyama shellsuit *(Get on with it. Ed)*.

But Diana was quick to smooth over her husband's tactless intervention. She directed her attention to Andrew.

"I mean, Andy, right, you've been away a lot at sea and so on and in a sense you haven't been here for Fergie, and, like, Fergie, you've been away a lot skiing and stuff so you haven't been here for Andy. D'you see where we're getting to?"

Andrew nodded and was about to reply when Charles once again interrupted.

"No, I don't see where this is getting to at all. It's a perfectly simple... er... thingie... marriage... you get married and you stay married. It's all about... er... duty and, you know, commitment... the sort of thing young people don't understand nowadays. Primitive peoples understand it perfectly..."

Andrew and Fergie both gave a low groan, and their eyes met for the first time that afternoon. Charles ploughed on regardless.

"There's this tribe in Rumbabwe, the M'Bonpwah tribe, where the women sit around all day making lunch out of these beans and the men make these agreeable thatched huts with local materials... leaves and so forth... and there is a sort of balance that we've lost touch with. Sir Laurens puts it awfully well in that book I gave you for your first anniversary, *The Chief Buthelezi Songbook*. How did it go? 'There is nothing like a dame...' Yes, that's very true when you think about it..."

"Chazza," Diana said firmly. "Just shut up, will you? You're not helping the situation at all. You're just being judgemental, OK?, which is completely the wrong approach..."

Charles's face reddened.

"I *do* happen to be the senior member of the family present and this is not just a matter between Andrew and Fergie."

"So who *is* it between, then?" demanded Diana, getting up and crossing to the stained glass window with its portrait of the late Elvis Presley. "Suddenly *you're* the big expert on marriage counselling, are you?"

Charles followed her to where she stood, her arms crossed in anger.

"Will you let me finish, Diana, please! The Royal Family can only survive if it upholds certain standards. It's like the chief of an African tribe. He loses all respect if he..."

"God, we've all had enough of your African chiefs, Chazza. We're talking real people here, with real problems — something you've got no idea about."

Their faces were within inches of each other. Charles snapped: "Well, let me tell you something, Diana. I don't think your family history gives you the right to lecture anyone about marriage."

"And what about yours?" Diana retaliated, pointing a perfectly moulded finger at him. "Your sister, your aunt... the lot of you... it's in the blood. Henry the Eighth."

"Oh, for God's sake, not this again!" Charles threw up his arms in despair.

Suddenly Andrew's voice cut across the heated exchange.

"Hold hard, you two chaps! Come and sit down over here with us. No need to make a meal of it."

"Yah," added the Duchess Fergiana brightly. "I'll make a nice cup of tea and then you can tell us all about it. It always helps and you'll feel a lot better about it if we talk it through."

Charles stared at the pink flamingo in the pond whose head was now trapped underwater. Something had gone terribly wrong...

(To be continued)

VIEWERS PROTEST AS SOAP STARS SPLIT

By Our Soap Staff **Henry Persil and Daz Wilson**

MILLIONS of angry viewers jammed the switchboard of Buckingham Palace last night to register complaints over the latest episode of the long-running TV series *Coronation Street.*

Earlier viewers had seen two of the younger members of the cast, Andy Windsor and his wife Fergie, deciding on an "amicable separation" only a few episodes after they had been seen getting married.

Their "wedding episode" in 1986 topped that year's ratings as one of the most popular soap marriages, and was watched by an estimated 800 million people worldwide.

WestEnders

In recent episodes the scriptwriters have shown the couple involved in a series of marital disputes and hinted at an off-screen romance with a mysterious Texan oilperson, J.R. Hartley.

But it had always been assumed that the couple would be seen getting back together to keep the story-line upbeat.

The latest twist caught viewers unawares. Many of them had tuned in to last night's episode expecting to see the latest developments in the sub-plot involving Andrew's father becoming a Greek Orthodox hermit.

Instead they saw distressing scenes of lawyers haggling over the divorce settlement.

Fergie's Cashin

An agent for the red-haired actress last night issued a brief statement on her behalf which read: "I do not wish to be typecast. If you stay in a soap like this for too long people assume it's all you can do. I have my career to think of."

CAST IN FULL

Prince Andrew	HUGH LAURIE
Duchess Fergiana	VANESSA REDGRAVE
The Queen	MAUREEN LIPMAN
Duke of Edinburgh	ZORBA THE GREEK
Major Ron	GEORGE COLE
J.R. Ewing	L.P. HARTLEY

How they are not related any more

Henry VIII
|
Henry VIII (I am)
|
Bluebeard
|
Mickey Rooney
|
Rex Harrison
|
Conrad Blackadder
|
Edward Fox VIII
|
HRH Prince Andrew

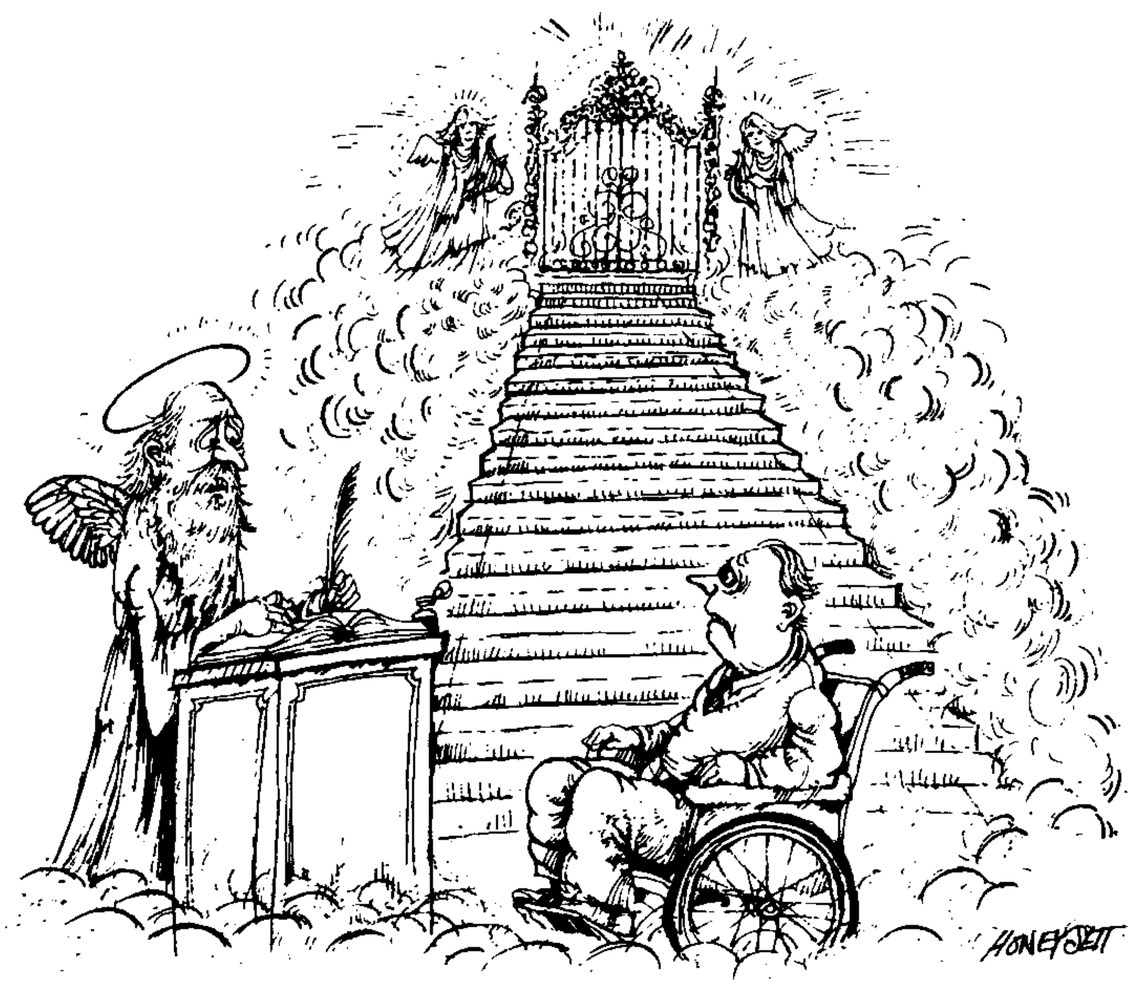
Cleopatra
|
Anne Boleyn
|
Wife of Bath
|
Nell Gwynne
|
Liz Taylor
|
Anna Karenina
|
Zsa Zsa Gabor
|
Dame Fergiana of Yorkiebar

The Duke of Edinburgh says:

'Save these marriages'

"If we do not act quickly to save these magnificent marriages, the whole Royal Family will soon be extinct."

Send donations to The Duke of Edinburgh, Hon. President of The Royal Society For The Prevention of Royal Divorce



"I'm sorry but we don't have facilities for the disabled"

IN THE BACK

FRAUD

Cap'n Bobbing and weaving

THE MAXWELL scandal and the prospect of tougher new laws to deal with rogue businessmen hold out all sorts of exciting — and of course remunerative — prospects for commercial lawyers.

A recent dignified advertisement from a barristers' chambers at Three Kings Bench Walk in the Temple starts by reminding its readers that "the difficulties of trying complex cases involving fraud, breaches of security laws and other so-called 'business crime' has [*grammar was never a speciality of the commercial bar*] been much in the news lately".

As a "solution" to all this, the document announces the establishment of a commercial fraud unit, led by the head of chambers, Stuart Stevens, "to cater for complex cases of fraud, both civil and criminal". The document boasts: "Members of the unit have considerable knowledge of City matters and the securities industry. Many of the barristers in 3 KBW have 'hands on' experience in compliance law."

They do indeed. The document names four barristers as "the team". Third in the list is Stuart Carson, who has spent "some time working in the financial services industry specialising in compliance matters". He has also been, so the document reveals, an assistant director at the Institute of Chartered Accountants and secretary to the LAUTRO disciplinary committee.

What a modest fellow is Stuart Carson! Somehow he forgot to mention his most recent appointment in the compliance business — as the last of the

compliance officers to be hired by that most celebrated fraudsman, Robert Maxwell. Indeed, he was company secretary to the infamous First Tokyo Investment Trust, whose takeover by Maxwell was the first outward sign of the rot that was consuming the entire empire.

Kevin Maxwell appointed Carson as compliance officer at London and Bishopsgate, which managed so much of the Maxwell family business. Carson had an office on the eighth floor of Maxwell's palace at Holborn, from which he was unceremoniously turfed out on that bleak December morning when the receivers raided Maxwell House, sacked everyone in it and immediately started selling off the furniture.

As the *Eye* has pointed out in recent issues, not all Maxwell's men suffered the same fate as Mr Carson. One of the most remarkable cases in history of the desertion of a sinking ship was accomplished by a number of senior Maxwell favourites who jumped off Maxwell Communications and into Mirror Group Newspapers. After this Great Leap Sideways was successfully completed, the lucky executives started to worry about their pensions.

MCC pensions are down the drain, while at Mirror Group there is still a faint chance that some may be paid. The sideways-shifting executives, therefore, are trying to move their pensions from MCC and into MGN. They are not daunted by the size of the task in front of them, nor by the huge amount of money necessary to finance it. Whether or not the new, and very docile, trustees of the MGN scheme would contemplate such a transfer remains to be seen.

Meanwhile, the administrator for the Maxwell empire, a colourless accountant called John Talbot, is getting ready to sell his most prized possession, the majority shareholding in Mirror Group.

All sorts of predators are licking their chops in the wings. Some have even sunk as low as to make advances (with promises of security or hefty golden handshakes) to the existing management, made up entirely of Maxwell's men. Secret meetings have been held (the most fruitful, it appears, was at the recent international rugby match at Twickenham, where so much important business of this kind often gets done). The favourite at the moment as new *Mirror* owner is Tony O'Reilly, an would-be Irish Murdoch. Mr O'Reilly is hoping that a book about him currently with its publishers will not be published before he bids for the *Mirror*, but he should not worry too much. Think how many books were written about Maxwell and what little difference they made.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS

Another fine mess...

CHAOS reigns in Europe. Recent European Court of Justice decisions to invalidate fines imposed by the European Commission on the community's corporate offenders and cartel operators have opened the way for other repayment claims dating all the way back to 1958.

Having annulled the commission order for the recovery of the £44.4 million Rover bribe paid by the United Kingdom to British Aerospace in 1990, the court's judgment in favour of 14 devious PVC (Polyvinylchloride) companies was so lengthy it blocked the court's printing press.

The Luxembourg court found so many examples of commission incompetence and procedural irregularity that it was unable to specify all of them. After the PVC trial, its final report amounted to 60 pages. General chaos followed, since 23 judgments had to be completed on the Tuesday following the trial, due to a changeover of judges. Because the print shop was already blocked it was impossible to get copies of most of the judgments.

Since then, three Italian companies have tried to avoid fines by revealing similar examples of commission blundering. Amazingly, the court actually upheld the commission's decision in two out of the three cases — but it reduced the fines to one seventh of the original amount.

Luckily for the commission, many other companies fell by the wayside as their highly-paid lawyers failed to notice that their original orders had been incorrectly executed; that some documents had not been signed; that paragraphs had been added after meetings; that the commissioner signing the order happened to have resigned one week before, as in the case of Peter Sutherland in the PVC cartel case; or that Jacques Delors had forgotten to sign the orders in the five official European languages, as laid down in the Treaty of Rome. By the time they finally scrutinized the orders properly (prompted by their clients and the decision on the PVC cartel), it was too late.

Nevertheless, the 13 judges of Europe's highest court expect a rash of similar cases for years to come as other companies seek to invalidate commission judgments.

While the Brussels Eurocrats could have done much to undermine the monopolising cartels that have been ruining competitive business in Europe for the last 50 years, once more it is the taxpayer who must answer for their Eurofiddles. Instead of amassing millions of ECUs for price fixing offences which hundreds of companies have admitted, the public will have to pay out trillions more to cover the cost of time-wasting trials to relieve them of their fines.

PRIVATISATION

Shorts changed

ONE COMPANY definitely off the privatisation list is Lynrise Ltd, a little-known government subsidiary which manages surplus airplanes and has just published accounts for the last financial year.

As expected, the taxpayer shelled out £3.7 million in management expenses to keep Lynrise going — not much of a bargain when the company is expected to lose more than £100 million before being wound up sometime in the next decade.

Lynrise looks after 125 surplus aircraft at Exeter and numerous other airports around the world. The planes were assembled by the controversial Belfast-based Shorts company in the years running up to its privatisation. However, Canada's Bombardier Corporation, which bought Shorts from the Northern Ireland Office, was unwilling to take responsibility for them, due to their age and onerous operating costs. Happily, the Government removed the planes from the sales package — with the taxpayer retaining all liabilities — and Shorts generously agreed to take over control of the profitable Belfast city airport.

Despite its unwillingness to own the unwanted planes, Bombardier was happy to manage them on behalf of the Government, picking up this year's £3.7 million fee on top of the operating profits from those bits of Shorts that it was prepared to buy.

Bombardier's refusal to buy the factory but not its products was a shrewd one: the latest set of accounts confirm the £100 million-plus deficit previously projected by Dr Bill Jack, the busy auditor-general for Northern Ireland. The loss arises from Lynrise's inability to dispose of aircraft which are now considered outdated and fuel-hungry, factors well known when Shorts was privatised.

The costs associated with Lynrise make up only around 10-15 percent of the loss to the taxpayer from selling off a company which employs between 7,000 and 9,000 people, depending on the work in hand. Two years ago, the *Eye* reported how Norman Lamont was predicting that privatising Shorts would cost £247 per head of the local population, or around £600 million.

Astonishingly Norman's figures were out by around £300 million thanks to a miscalculation by Shorts managers. Unfortunately Touche Ross, the Government's advisers during the sale, failed to spot that little slip (although no doubt they earned their £2.5 million fee in other ways), so the final cost to the taxpayer should come in around the billion-pound mark. This is considerably more than the Government paid in sweeteners to British Aerospace during the Rover sell-off, but has predictably attracted little controversy. It is Northern Ireland, after all.

ORIMULSION

The effluent society

MORE NEWS of the disgusting substance orimulsion, which has been burning at Richborough power station in Sandwich, Kent, for the past 18 months.

During that time PowerGen, the station's owner, has been flooded with complaints about pollution and damage from noxious emissions, and last year it was ordered to clean up by the energy department's pollution inspectorate and junior energy minister Tony Baldry.

Although PowerGen has since pretended that all is now right, this is not true. PowerGen has been told by the same inspectorate that if it wants to open a second orimulsion station in Wales, cleanliness and emission standards will have to be much higher, and that particles and sulphur discharges must be filtered.

If these new standards are applied to Richborough, the station will become uneconomic and will close with the loss of 130 jobs — a state of affairs confirmed by the station's manger last week.

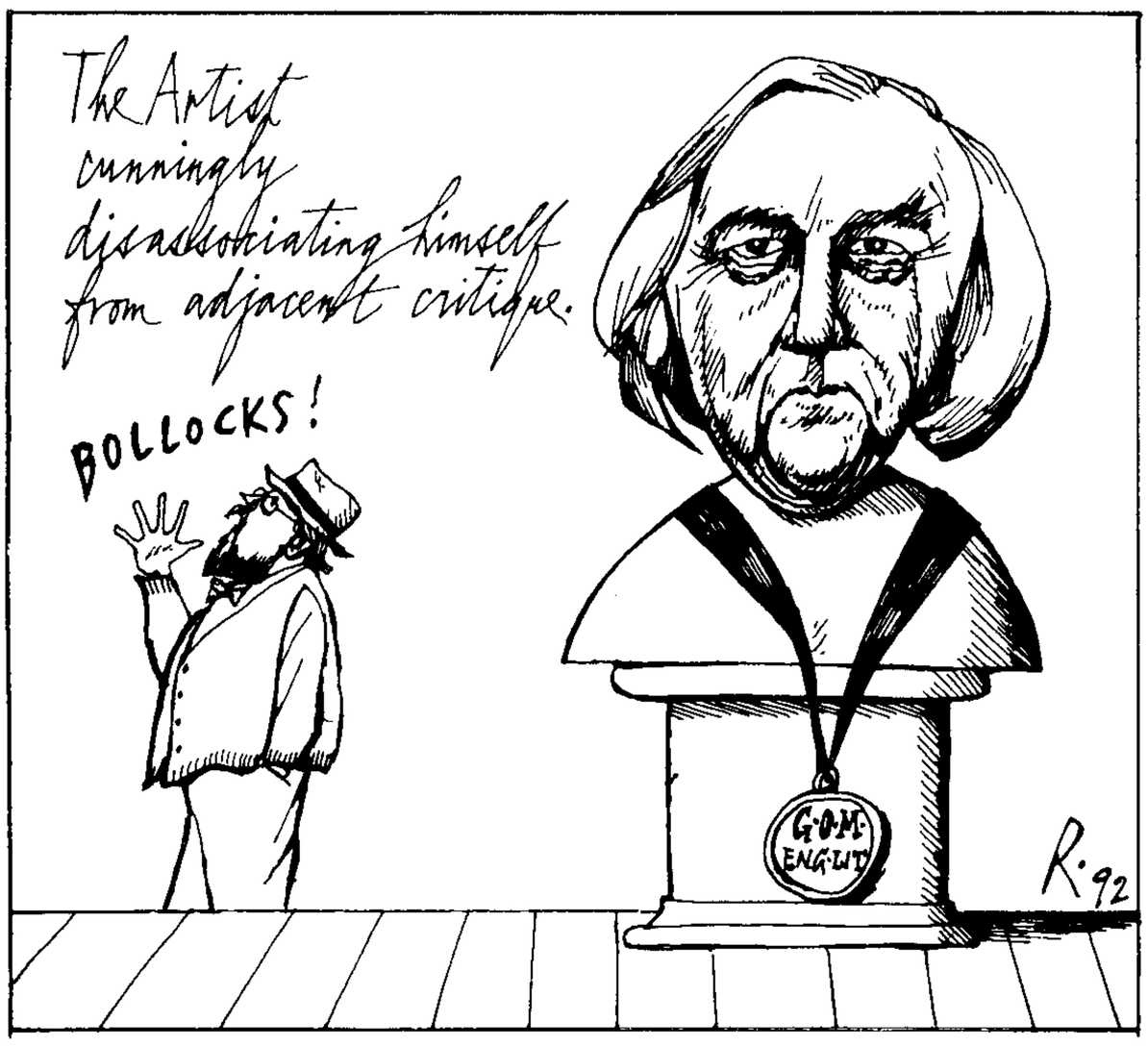
Literary Review

Stagnant Waterhouse

Unsweet Charity
Keith Waterhouse
(Hodder & Stoughton, £14.99)

FROM THE minutes of the Badgers Heath Literary Society, 20th March 1992

Mr L Quartermouth MBE FIAV (Chair) said that the readings from *Unsweet Charity*, the new novel by the celebrated journalist and satirist Mr Keith Waterhouse, had been an unqualified success. People talked a lot about culture these days (groans). Your average book buyer didn't want culture. He wanted a bit of a giggle. Mr Waterhouse seemed well able to supply this commodity.



The Rev B. Thrush (Secretary) remarked that the book possessed a strong sociological interest. Above all, it was a masterly demonstration of what men in late middle age found funny. On the evidence available, Mr Waterhouse was much exercised by names. He noted in particular a farmer's wife called Greenleaf, an archivist called Miss Bellows and two alternative comedians called Freddie Camp and Dave Gloss. The reference to "Voles Bottoms", presumably a place name, was also highly amusing.

Mr O. Kettle (Treasurer) said this summary merely hinted at the range of Mr Waterhouse's satirical power. He himself had made a note of the various butts — he believed this was the right word — of Mr Waterhouse's wit, and found them to include charitable donations (the book's subject), the Church of England, sex and provincial society in general.

In fact, Mr Waterhouse seemed to believe that anyone who did not reside in London was a fit subject for derision. Speaking personally, he would sooner read such spirited and mirth-making material than any of the unreadable novels by so-called intellectuals currently being foistered on book lovers by Sunday newspapers.

The Rev B. Thrush, while expressing reservations over certain passages touching on the delicate question of the church's role in a modern society, drew attention to Mr Waterhouse's inspired use of the *double entendre*, in his opinion a tool unfairly neglected by "modern" literature (laughter). In particular, he had noted the lines "Thank you very much for your support. I shall always wear it" and — spoken by a woman to her lover — "Thank you so much for standing up for me, Ollie."

Chair said that the Rev Thrush's description reminded him of a *Carry On* film. Mr Waterhouse was a serious novelist.

The Rev B. Thrush remarked in mitigation that he had derived intense amusement from the concluding scene, involving a hot air balloon in the shape of a giant condom.

Chair said that *Unsweet Charity* fulfilled every criterion which he demanded from a novel: it made you laugh, there was a good bit of smut, the women were kept properly in their place and there was none of your damned highbrow nonsense. He was pleased to note that the society's president, Mr A. Waugh, a critic of some distinction, had described Mr Waterhouse as "one of the best of our living novelists".

Mr Kettle remembered many years ago reading a highly amusing and successful novel called *Billy Liar*, also by somebody named Waterhouse. Were they by any chance related?

Books & Bookmen

IT SEEMS that these days publishing houses are either conglomerates (and "Skinny" Cheetham is rapidly creating a new leviathan) or fusty amateur outfits like Gerald Duckworth & Co Ltd (founded in 1898).

Last year the latter's listed directors were Reg Davies and Colin Haycraft (chairman and managing). This year the board comprises R.J. Davies, Colin Haycraft (chairman and managing), D.C. Blake, M.J. Estorick, H.G.L. Russell, D. Shutt, T. Smith and M. Village.

Reg Davies is a businessman who has kept the quaint little firm going for years. D.C. Blake is Deborah, daughter of Lord Blake, and the slave who does the editorial work. Henry Russell is, or isn't, responsible for sales and learned his "skills" at a firm even battier than Duckworth, David & Charles of Newton Abbot. The other directors came on board when Haycraft, the eccentric and brilliant classicist whom no one has ever told to do up his fly buttons, ran out of cash.

The Rowntree Trust, supposedly a charity but which tasted blood when Gollancz, which Rowntree also subsidised, was sold a few years back to US publishers Houghton Mifflin, bought one third of the equity. Another third (£600,000) was bought by dilettant about town, Michael Estorick, whose fortune comes from his father whom he hates.

His father was artist Erté's manager and dealer. Estorick calls himself a novelist. He has published two novels, both with Duckworth. Other Duckworth novelists included, until recently, Haycraft's wife, Alice Thomas Ellis, who edited the fiction list as a labour of love, and Beryl Bainbridge who, like Mrs Haycraft (now published by Viking Penguin), will presumably take her unique talent elsewhere.

Haycraft may be, probably is, the least competent business man in British publishing, but his erudite and idiosyncratic list is arguably the most stimulating and useful in British publishing. It is, of course, Haycraft alone, in his peregrinations around the intellectual world, who bags the authors and signs up the books, something he learned by watching his previous employer, George Weidenfeld, in action.

Two weeks ago the board voted by a large majority (Deborah Blake abstained) to oust Haycraft as chairman and managing director on the grounds of "gross incompetence". Not only was he told not to come back to work in the company which he singlehanded had made, but the locks were changed so that he couldn't make an unannounced visit.

To be locked out of the firm of which you own a third, of which you are at least a non-executive director and which has broken your contract is fairly irritating. For this to be done by a bunch of Quakers who have calculated that Haycraft isn't rich enough to sue them is even worse.

Meanwhile the firm is being "managed" two days a week by an egregious fellow named Jack Angell who also used to work with David and Charles. Perhaps he can explain how the £250 expense on new locks is grossly competent?

☐ THE publishing buffet luncheon of last week was given by the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in the Cholmondeley Room at the House of Lords where the Lord Donoughue presented the Odd Fellows (Manchester Unity) Social Concern Annual Book Award.

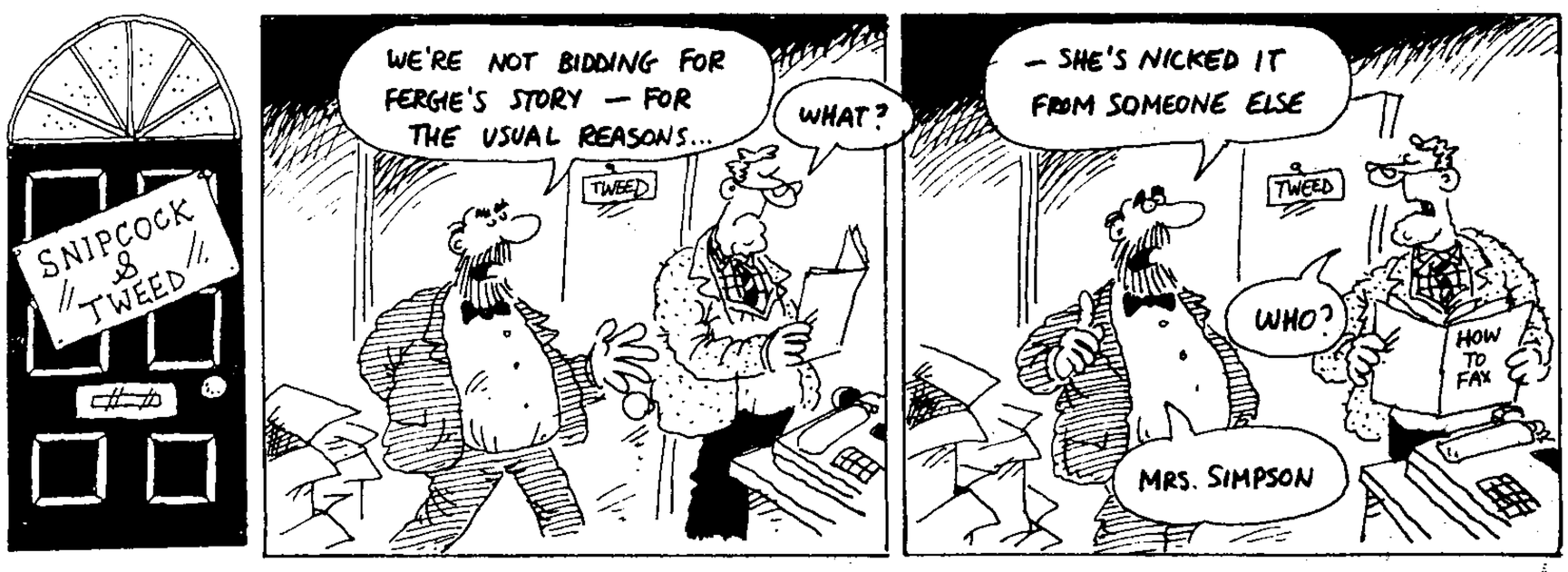
David Widgery's book about an East End GP, *Some Lives!* and W.J. West's *The Strange Rise of Semi-Literate England: the dissolution of the libraries* were both fancied from the shortlist of six.

At the last moment on the day of the prize-giving, the judges — Bernard Donoughue, Polly Toynbee and Red Rowlands MP — as is usual in these matters — disagreed as to the best book and the £2,000 cheque was handed to a surprised David Cook for his novel, *Second Best*.

The title says it all. The prize is awarded for a book "in an area of social concern."

Had W.J. West's much admired diatribe (about the way in which loony left librarians are deciding which books should be made available to their readers) won, no one would have been able to rush out and buy the book for, only recently published, it is already out of print. This is hardly surprising when it is known that publishers Duckworth printed fewer than 1,000 copies.

'Bookworm'



FRAUD

Cap'n Bobbing and weaving

THE MAXWELL scandal and the prospect of tougher new laws to deal with rogue businessmen hold out all sorts of exciting — and of course remunerative — prospects for commercial lawyers.

A recent dignified advertisement from a barristers' chambers at Three Kings Bench Walk in the Temple starts by reminding its readers that "the difficulties of trying complex cases involving fraud, breaches of security laws and other so-called 'business crime' has [*grammar was never a speciality of the commercial bar*] been much in the news lately".

As a "solution" to all this, the document announces the establishment of a commercial fraud unit, led by the head of chambers, Stuart Stevens, "to cater for complex cases of fraud, both civil and criminal". The document boasts: "Members of the unit have considerable knowledge of City matters and the securities industry. Many of the barristers in 3 KBW have 'hands on' experience in compliance law."

They do indeed. The document names four barristers as "the team". Third in the list is Stuart Carson, who has spent "some time working in the financial services industry specialising in compliance matters". He has also been, so the document reveals, an assistant director at the Institute of Chartered Accountants and secretary to the LAUTRO disciplinary committee.

What a modest fellow is Stuart Carson! Somehow he forgot to mention his most recent appointment in the compliance business — as the last of the

compliance officers to be hired by that most celebrated fraudsman, Robert Maxwell. Indeed, he was company secretary to the infamous First Tokyo Investment Trust, whose takeover by Maxwell was the first outward sign of the rot that was consuming the entire empire.

Kevin Maxwell appointed Carson as compliance officer at London and Bishopsgate, which managed so much of the Maxwell family business. Carson had an office on the eighth floor of Maxwell's palace at Holborn, from which he was unceremoniously turfed out on that bleak December morning when the receivers raided Maxwell House, sacked everyone in it and immediately started *selling off* the furniture.

As the *Eye* has pointed out in recent issues, not all Maxwell's men suffered the same fate as Mr Carson. One of the most remarkable cases in history of the desertion of a sinking ship was accomplished by a number of senior Maxwell favourites who jumped off Maxwell Communications and into Mirror Group Newspapers. After this Great Leap Sideways was successfully completed, the lucky executives started to worry about their pensions.

MCC pensions are down the drain, while at Mirror Group there is still a faint chance that some may be paid. The sideways-shifting executives, therefore, are trying to move their pensions from MCC and into MGN. They are not daunted by the size of the task in front of them, nor by the huge amount of money necessary to finance it. Whether or not the new, and very docile, trustees of the MGN scheme would contemplate such a transfer remains to be seen.

Meanwhile, the administrator for the Maxwell empire, a colourless accountant called John Talbot, is getting ready to sell his most prized possession, the majority shareholding in Mirror Group.

All sorts of predators are licking their chops in the wings. Some have even sunk as low as to make advances (with promises of security or hefty golden handshakes) to the existing management, made up entirely of Maxwell's men. Secret meetings have been held (the most fruitful, it appears, was at the recent international rugby match at Twickenham, where so much important business of this kind often gets done). The favourite at the moment as new *Mirror* owner is Tony O'Reilly, an would-be Irish Murdoch. Mr O'Reilly is hoping that a book about him currently with its publishers will not be published before he bids for the *Mirror*, but he should not worry too much. Think how many books were written about Maxwell and what little difference they made.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS

Another fine mess...

CHAOS reigns in Europe. Recent European Court of Justice decisions to invalidate fines imposed by the European Commission on the community's corporate offenders and cartel operators have opened the way for other repayment claims dating all the way back to 1958.

Having annulled the commission order for the recovery of the £44.4 million Rover bribe paid by the United Kingdom to British Aerospace in 1990, the court's judgment in favour of 14 devious PVC (Polyvinylchloride) companies was so lengthy it blocked the court's printing press.

The Luxembourg court found so many examples of commission incompetence and procedural irregularity that it was unable to specify all of them. After the PVC trial, its final report amounted to 60 pages. General chaos followed, since 23 judgments had to be completed on the Tuesday following the trial, due to a changeover of judges. Because the print shop was already blocked it was impossible to get copies of most of the judgments.

Since then, three Italian companies have tried to avoid fines by revealing similar examples of commission blundering. Amazingly, the court actually upheld the commission's decision in two out of the three cases — but it reduced the fines to one seventh of the original amount.

Luckily for the commission, many other companies fell by the wayside as their highly-paid lawyers failed to notice that their original orders had been incorrectly executed; that some documents had not been signed; that paragraphs had been added after meetings; that the commissioner signing the order happened to have resigned one week before, as in the case of Peter Sutherland in the PVC cartel case; or that Jacques Delors had forgotten to sign the orders in the five official European languages, as laid down in the Treaty of Rome. By the time they finally scrutinized the orders properly (prompted by their clients and the decision on the PVC cartel), it was too late.

Nevertheless, the 13 judges of Europe's highest court expect a rash of similar cases for years to come as other companies seek to invalidate commission judgments.

While the Brussels Eurocrats could have done much to undermine the monopolising cartels that have been ruining competitive business in Europe for the last 50 years, once more it is the taxpayer who must answer for their Eurofiddles. Instead of amassing millions of ECUs for price fixing offences which hundreds of companies have admitted, the public will have to pay out trillions more to cover the cost of time-wasting trials to relieve them of their fines.

PRIVATISATION

Shorts changed

ONE COMPANY definitely off the privatisation list is Lynrise Ltd, a little-known government subsidiary which manages surplus airplanes and has just published accounts for the last financial year.

As expected, the taxpayer shelled out £3.7 million in management expenses to keep Lynrise going — not much of a bargain when the company is expected to lose more than £100 million before being wound up sometime in the next decade.

Lynrise looks after 125 surplus aircraft at Exeter and numerous other airports around the world. The planes were assembled by the controversial Belfast-based Shorts company in the years running up to its privatisation. However, Canada's Bombardier Corporation, which bought Shorts from the Northern Ireland Office, was unwilling to take responsibility for them, due to their age and onerous operating costs. Happily, the Government removed the planes from the sales package — with the taxpayer retaining all liabilities — and Shorts generously agreed to take over control of the profitable Belfast city airport.

Despite its unwillingness to own the unwanted planes, Bombardier was happy to manage them on behalf of the Government, picking up this year's £3.7 million fee on top of the operating profits from those bits of Shorts that it was prepared to buy.

Bombardier's refusal to buy the factory but not its products was a shrewd one: the latest set of accounts confirm the £100 million-plus deficit previously projected by Dr Bill Jack, the busy auditor-general for Northern Ireland. The loss arises from Lynrise's inability to dispose of aircraft which are now considered outdated and fuel-hungry, factors well known when Shorts was privatised.

The costs associated with Lynrise make up only around 10-15 percent of the loss to the taxpayer from selling off a company which employs between 7,000 and 9,000 people, depending on the work in hand. Two years ago, the *Eye* reported how Norman Lamont was predicting that privatising Shorts would cost £247 per head of the local population, or around £600 million.

Astonishingly Norman's figures were out by around £300 million thanks to a miscalculation by Shorts managers. Unfortunately Touche Ross, the Government's advisers during the sale, failed to spot that little slip (although no doubt they earned their £2.5 million fee in other ways), so the final cost to the taxpayer should come in around the billion-pound mark. This is considerably more than the Government paid in sweeteners to British Aerospace during the Rover sell-off, but has predictably attracted little controversy. It is Northern Ireland, after all.

ORIMULSION

The effluent society

MORE NEWS of the disgusting substance orimulsion, which has been burning at Richborough power station in Sandwich, Kent, for the past 18 months.

During that time PowerGen, the station's owner, has been flooded with complaints about pollution and damage from noxious emissions, and last year it was ordered to clean up by the energy department's pollution inspectorate and junior energy minister Tony Baldry.

Although PowerGen has since pretended that all is now right, this is not true. PowerGen has been told by the same inspectorate that if it wants to open a second orimulsion station in Wales, cleanliness and emission standards will have to be much higher, and that particles and sulphur discharges must be filtered.

If these new standards are applied to Richborough, the station will become uneconomic and will close with the loss of 130 jobs — a state of affairs confirmed by the station's manger last week.

NUCLEAR WASTE

Cunning-ham stunt

WITHIN 24 hours of our revelation of the charming way John Cunningham, the Member for Nuclear Waste, writes to potential voters (*Eye* 789), he ended his silence on the subject of an underground radioactive dump in his Copeland, Cumbria, constituency.

The *Sellafield Repository Project Newsletter*, distributed free on the site by British Nuclear Fuels and Nirex, the Government's Nuclear Industry Radioactive Waste Executive, carried his suitably pro-nuclear message to the pro-nuclear audience. The newsletter said he "states his position unequivocally: 'In my judgment, the next logical step in the proper management of nuclear waste would be in an underground repository with waste stored in monitored and retrievable conditions.' "

This stance is not "unequivocal" at all since it will be almost impossible to monitor and retrieve the underground waste, which will be entombed in concrete; and since Nirex itself estimates it will take 14 years and enormous cost to get back inside to retrieve even one bin.

The department of the environment defines "disposal" as implying that there is no intention to retrieve the waste; and retrieval would require access, maintenance, ventilation, power supplies, sophisticated instrumentation, recovery equipment, replacement of machinery... and can double the cost of underground storage.

The issue, as Cunningham well knows, is whether the waste should be stored on the surface or buried underground and left to rot in a sarcophagus. He says: "The opponents of an underground repository say we should go for surface stores but that would mean more and more buildings going up and the site becoming enormous and almost unmanageable. That is what people in the immediate area do NOT want — and I am opposed to it."

But where, then, does he want his underground dump? He used to say it must be under the sea; but Nirex has ruled this out on technical grounds, supported by seven geologists who have produced a harrowing account of the problems it would create. Cunningham sidesteps the question knowing that in practical terms if there is a dump it will be under the ground and under his constituency.

Cunningham's deputy, Ann Taylor, wrote to Greenpeace on 16 March saying: "Our primary objective is to ensure that all nuclear waste is stored in such a way that it can be properly monitored and retrieved. We do not believe that the current Nirex proposals meet these overriding priorities." Cunningham disagrees. The newsletter records that he still prefers under-sea burial which "NIREX have ruled out" but "Dr Cunningham (and his party) align their support to underground as opposed to on-surface storage." Someone should tell Ann Taylor.

Cunningham has also muted his position on a depository under the ground in the constituency. Only last August he told the *Whitehaven News*: "I do not support any proposal for an inland repository. The case for such a development should be opposed."

A major problem is what action should be taken if the waste should ever overheat or if there were an explosive build-up of gases. (Nirex revealed in 1987 that hydrogen, carbon dioxide and methane would build up because of the corrosion of steel and the degradation of paper and wood used in wrapping the waste.) The containment would have to be airtight to prevent radiation leaking; but it would also need to vent the gases and prevent a pressure build-up. Many scientists believe the problem to be insoluble.

Any inland dump in Cunningham's constituency, which the voters do not want, would not just be an eyesore and a danger — it would be a continued reminder that "clean" nuclear-electricity is nothing of the sort.

DEFENCE

Very affjordable

WHILE defence jobs are being shed at an alarming rate in Britain, the treasury last week gave the contract to supply the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth with high tech computer simulation equipment to a Norwegian company called Norcontrol.

Norcontrol, whose ultimate holding companies include Norway's Stat Oil, put in a dramatically low tender price of around £250,000, while the nearest British bid was nearly double that.

The reason for the discrepancy is simply that the Norwegian company is ultimately state-owned and so heavily subsidised that it can — and regularly does — undercut competitors using Norwegian state funds. It used a similar tactic some seven years ago to undercut Racal Decca Simulation, and Racal, which admittedly had other problems at the time, is now out of the simulator business altogether.

While taking state funds, however, the Norcontrol is no stranger to scandal. Some years ago it was involved in the Konsberg Toshiba affair when computer systems were sold to the Soviet Union enabling it to design "silent" submarine propellers that evaded Nato surveillance. After this was exposed, the company was broken up. But more recently it sold computer equipment to the eastern block against the trade rules as they were then.

While defence jobs disappear in Britain, it is surely odd for the treasury to try to save a few pence by farming out work to non-EEC companies that are able to undercut British workers with subsidies our own companies do not enjoy.

TRAMS

One track mind

MANCHESTER'S desperate attempt to patch up its deteriorating transport network has resulted in the farcical return of trams to the city's streets. The £130 million Metrolink is one of several super-expensive regeneration schemes being hyped by the city along with the bid to stage the 2000 Olympics.

Phase one will connect two of Manchester's satellite towns, Bury, ten miles north, and Altrincham, eight miles south, with trams running on old rail lines in the suburbs and on new track in the city centre.

Metrolink was conceived by the now-defunct Greater Manchester county council in its empire-building days, and — after a busy programme of very agreeable Euro junkets — was modelled on continental systems. But whereas European trams tend to run alongside railway lines to provide more choice, in Manchester planners have torn up the perfectly good track which connected Bury and Altrincham to the city centre and replaced BR trains with lightweight two-carriage, 30 yard-long sardine cans. To help local employment, the sardine cans are built in Italy.

According to the politicians, Metrolink had to be built to link the city's two disparate rail systems, north (based on Manchester Victoria) and south (based on Manchester Piccadilly). But they forgot to mention that the system always had been linked (to the east) and that BR was about to open — and has now done so — another spur to connect the two networks to the west of the city and close Victoria Station to inter-city traffic.

With Metrolink's *raison d'etre* nullified by BR, Manchester transport planners nevertheless blundered on regardless. But the scheme has been fraught with monumental cock-ups and hold-ups:

- Metrolink is opening four years late thanks to stubborn Labour politicians' insistence that it be funded and run through the public sector — much to the fury of retailers who have "lost" two Christmas shopping sprees.
- Metrolink's advantage over an underground train system, according to the politicians, was its cheapness. Trams would cost £42 million (the figure cited when Metrolink went before parliament in 1987) compared to £100m for the underground. Current costs have now reached £130 million — and Manchester still has no integrated track and fare system.
- Planners forgot to allow for £20 million of roadworks needed to accommodate Metrolink in the city centre.
- No one worked out how the trams would enter Piccadilly station and another £5 million had to be found to build a shock-proof tunnel.
- While laying the tracks, navvies found the plastic bonding used to insulate the rails would not set in the Manchester rain. When the rails were then covered to help the plastic harden the compound gave off dangerous gases.
- The trams leave ample space for wheelchairs — but if disabled people get on at the wrong end they will be too high to roll on to the platform if they try to get off in the city centre.
- Fares will be much dearer than on buses and trains, yet all stations will be unmanned and Metrolink must survive without government fare subsidy.
- Although Metrolink will be run by a private consortium whose members include GM Buses, Manchester's main company, the latter has just started an express bus on the entire Bury-Victoria route — covering the same distance at a similar speed and for a similar price!

RAILWAYS

Shuttle cock-up

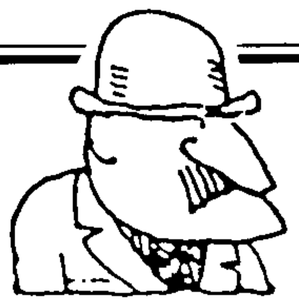
IT NOW appears that British Rail's new £50 million Birmingham Heartlands station, to be built in the middle of nowhere, will not solve the problem of where Channel tunnel trains can stop in the West Midlands.

A technical change of mind by the tunnel rail planners means that Manchester to Paris (via Birmingham) trains will only carry 14 carriages, and not the 18 as previously envisaged.

Since Heartlands is being built purely to take the 18-carriage Euro trains, Midlands' taxpayers will be asking why BR is so desperate to shut New Street and transfer all inter-city operations to the out-of-the-way Heartlands (at the expense of Wolverhampton and, possibly, Birmingham International), especially now that it has been revealed that Heartlands will open five years later than planned, i.e. after the Euro trains start running.

Of course once New Street site is vacated, it will become a prime site for redevelopment as well as offering parking space for around 4,000 cars, ideal for commuters taking the shuttle from a run-down New Street to Heartlands to connect with inter-city services.

Surely such blatant speculation can't be behind the Tories' support for this latest major new rail investment?



In the City

ONE PERSON earning more than £40,000 a year who, it can be assumed, will face the prospect of a Labour government with equanimity is Mark Thatcher. His long years deep in the heart of Texas are likely to have earned him non-resident tax status from the Inland Revenue. But less clear is how that now sits with his acquisition a year or more ago of a £2 million London home.

Non-residency not only usually requires a limit to the amount of time spent in the UK, but also that the would-be non-taxpayer does not have a UK home to go to. That was how Saudi arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi was caught out. A home here and too much time spent in it can make even foreigners UK residents and therefore taxable on their worldwide income, not just that part of it, normally minimal, they choose to receive in Britain.

The Thatcher bijou dwelling in Chelsea is, of course, owned by an offshore company; but that should make no difference. The issue is, therefore, whether the Revenue has agreed that Mrs Thatcher's favourite, while not exactly non-resident, is not ordinarily resident either for tax purposes and so can avoid the full burden of the top tax rate on his supposed but never confirmed burgeoning income from commissions.

If so, then he could be classed, like no doubt his friend Wafic Said, the Arab arms dealer who resides in Kensington, as merely resident, but not ordinarily resident, only paying tax on the minor income received here. Any outgoings on the house, which has been extensively refurbished with security equipment alone, could be put down to the offshore company, just as any other expenses could be billed to his US company, Grantham.

Assuming such is indeed the position that the Revenue has taken — and Mark's bid to acquire the right to live in Switzerland would aid any such claim to relative tax-free status — then Labour's proposed 59 percent top rate would hold no fears. Capital taxes on investments could also be safe, as would any profit on selling the house. All that would remain would be to change his tax domicile, as he was born here, and he would be home tax free.

Perhaps we should be told.

NIRJ DEVA, the Tory candidate for Brentford and Isleworth, could well be the first Asian to be elected as a Conservative MP. While much press coverage has been devoted to his Tory credentials (ex-chairman of the Bow Group), somewhat fewer words have been spent concerning his role in smoothing the path of offshore fraudster Alex "Fatman" Herbage to meet the Conservative great and good.

Deva was photographed at Herbage functions attended by MPs or Asian diplomats. That, of course, was before "Fatman" was exported to Florida and a 15-year prison sentence for defrauding clients of his Caprimex Group. No doubt these events came as a great surprise and shock to the wannabe MP for whom judgement is an important attribute.

WHILE THE embarrassment lingers on regarding Asil Nadir's secret donations to the Tory party, there are suspicions that other equally tainted donors remain in the shadows of Conservative Central Office. The Tories were ever eager to accept Greeks and others bearing gifts, foreign businessmen used to paying off who saw a benefit in having friends at court and did not have to disclose their very welcome contributions.

For example, still neither confirmed nor denied is the rumour from Thatcher circles that the phoney Pharaoh Mohamed Fayed gave up to £500,000 to the Tories at the time he was cosying up to the Government after the 1985 Harrods takeover — a period which included the last election. Fayed employed as a political contact man none other than influential PR adviser Sir Gordon Reece, close not just to Mrs Thatcher, but also chief fundraiser Lord McAlpine.

This, of course, was before the Department of Trade and Industry inspectors exposed him as a liar who had misled the DTI. Despite these revelations, no action was taken by the Government. Funny that!

Fayed recently made a public-spirited offer through Harrods to organise and finance, with others, the refurbishment of the mayoral parlour for Westminster's Lady Porter. Alas, this generous offer had to be withdrawn because insufficient corporate supporters could be found to share the cost.

This altruistic offer and its subsequent withdrawal naturally had absolutely no connection with Fayed's wish to redevelop a Knightsbridge site nearby Harrods as a hotel, nor with the opposition to such a proposal from Westminster's planners. It was entirely accidental that Lady Porter did not get to have a new parlour and Mohamed Fayed did not get to build a hotel.

THE RE-FINANCING crisis at Canary Wharf developers Olympia & York threatens another red face for *Sunday Telegraph* City editor John Jay to go with those worn after the demise of Cap'n Bob and the decline of Gerald Ratner.

Under Jay, the *Sunday Torygraph* has been a faithful booster of O&Y's Paul Reichmann, who also enjoyed the backing of Mrs Thatcher in his bid to move the City further east into Docklands.

As recently as 9 February Jay reported how Reichmann was "confident" about prospects, despite the lack of tenants for Canary Wharf and the need to raise £1 billion to complete the development. On the same day, there was also a plug for O&Y's Cabot Square Enterprise Zone Trust — an "excellent opportunity". Cabot Square has just been scrapped because of tax changes and a poor reception.

It is no doubt irrelevant that the *Daily Telegraph* company just happens to be a tenant of the still not fully let Canary Wharf Tower. Or that Reichmann, like *Telegraph* owner Conrad Black, is a Canadian. Or that Black is keen to expand his interests in Israel where he already owns the *Jerusalem Post* and tried to buy *Maariv* from the Maxwell administrators.

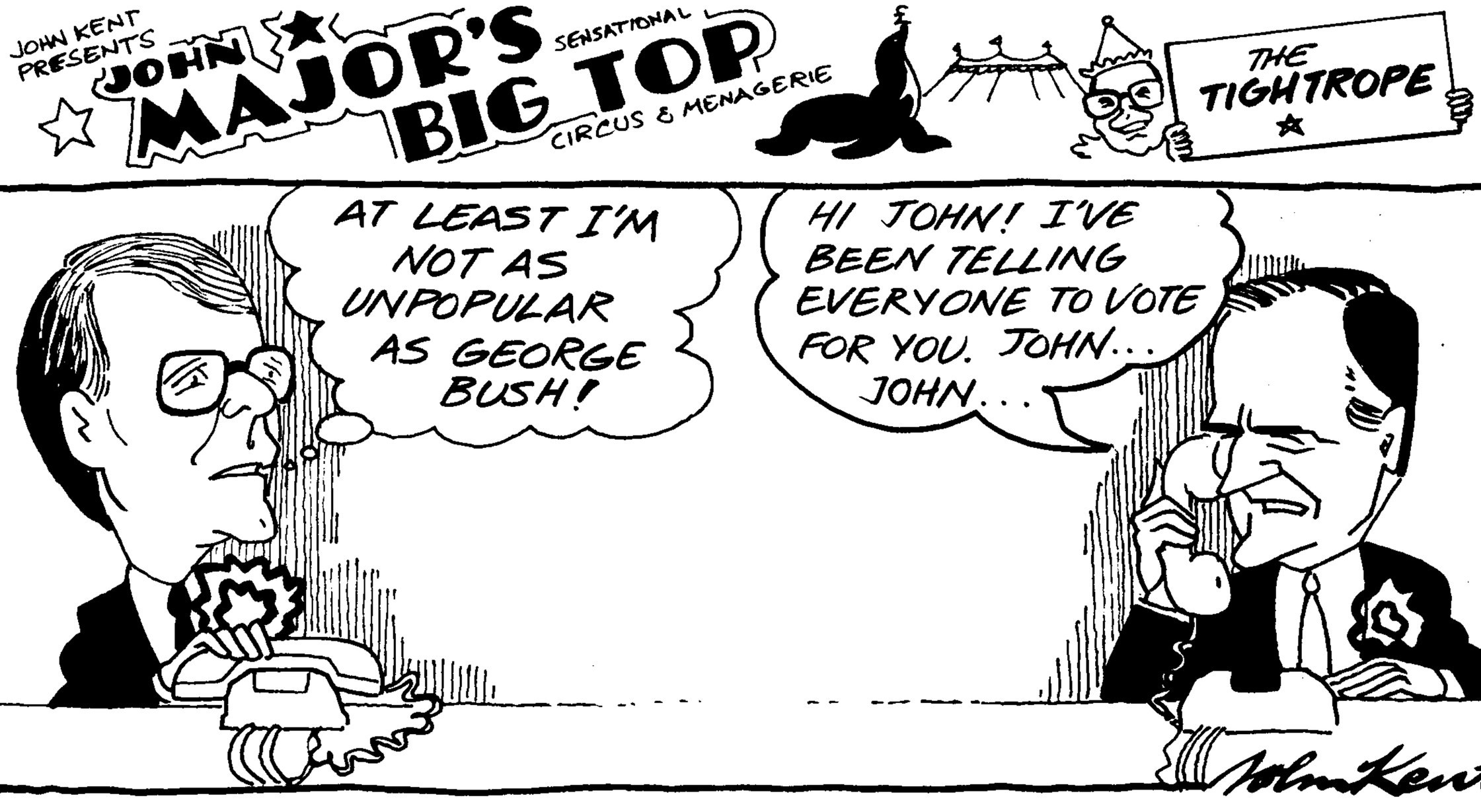
STOCK MARKET favourite Tomkins and its chief executive Greg Hutchings are remarkably modest about the success of US subsidiary Smith & Wesson. America's largest handgun maker has a low profile in the annual report of the conglomerate.

The 1991 edition boasts only of the 1,500 police forces among its customers. There is much talk of raising product quality, reducing costs and improving manufacturing efficiency, while sales have continued to rise, though not with "the dramatic demand" of previous years. But there is much less talk of profits, which are undetectable as they are hidden among the £38 million also made from less deadly products, such as power mowers and bicycles.

Shareholders will not, therefore, know that figures compiled by the US Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms revealed who are also among Smith & Wesson's best customers. Its handguns were used in 2,523 crimes committed during 1990 and 1991 alone. These statistics are based on handgun sales traced since 1986. Smith & Wesson are the weapon of choice for criminals who prefer not to buy their fire power on the cheap.

No doubt, as a supporter of the party of law and order — £65,000 was donated in 1990 and 1991 combined — Hutchings would approve.

'Slicker'


JOHN KENT PRESENTS
JOHN MAJOR'S SENSATIONAL BIG TOP
CIRCUS & MENAGERIE
THE TIGHTROPE
AT LEAST I'M NOT AS UNPOPULAR AS GEORGE BUSH!
HI JOHN! I'VE BEEN TELLING EVERYONE TO VOTE FOR YOU. JOHN... JOHN...
John Kent

SAUCY CONFESSIONS

0898 800 256

NAUGHTY JOKELINE
0898 800 250

The ultimate thrill.... DORIS DROPS 'EM

0898 800 253

SMUTTY JOKES
0898 800 252

LOUD MONA

0898 800 255

HEAVY BREATHING
0898 800 251

THE SEX DIET
0898 800 257

DIAL-A-SLAG

Your Dream Date
0898 800 261

Calls charged at 5p per 6 secs cheap rate, 6 secs at other times inc VAT Buzz Humour 146 Hammersmith Grove W6 7HE

EXECUTIVE CAR CONTRACT HIRE

Contract Hire available to business users on 'Nearly New' ex factory 605 models from £296.94 per month inc. full maintenance.

The above figures relate to a 3 year term, with full maintenance, through Britain's Peugeot Contract Hire Network. Business Users only. We can also offer FINANCE LEASE and LEASE PURCHASE on all Peugeot models.

PEUGEOT GOLD LION DEALERS

ROY CHAPMAN LTD
Telephone: (0494) 792222
Fax: (0494) 791318
Please Contact Tammy or Andrew.

Which UNSPOILT GREEK ISLAND

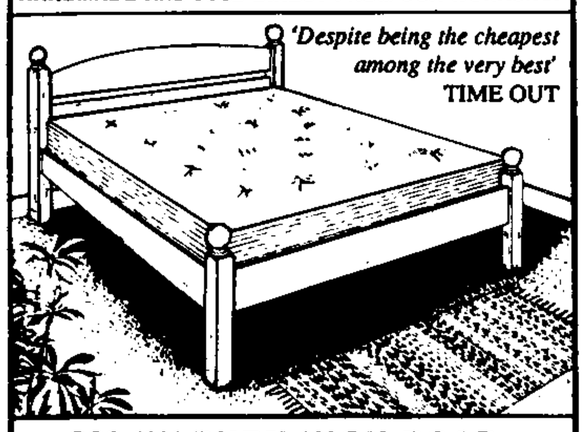
SKYROS Unspoilt. Remote. Lovely beaches.
ASTYPALEA Spectacular white hill-top town in an azure setting. Totally undiscovered.
LEROS Lovely rolling hills. Unspoilt. Quiet coves and beaches. An island to explore.
NISSYROS Flowers & a smouldering volcano.
SPETSES Pine clad secluded bays, good watersports, azure seas, lively nightlife.
TILOS Remote, tranquil, serene beauty.
SKIATHOS Cosmopolitan. Beautiful beaches, fun. Watersports galore. Fantastic nightlife.
SKOPELOS Stunning verdant scenery. Good beaches. Friendly tavernas, local nightlife.
HALKI Magical, charming, unspoilt. Friendly
KASTELLORIZO Europe starts or ends here.
ALONISSOS Idyllic harbourside setting. Quiet.
KALYMNOS The Sponge Fishers island. Sheltered sandy bays. Friendly and very Greek.
SYMI Undiscovered, unspoilt, unbelievably beautiful .... for lovers. Traditional island houses.

SELF CATERING HOLIDAYS for the discriminating. It's all in our amazingly honest brochure

062 982 4881 (24 hrs) Sunday 11 - 5
ATOL 1424 ABTA 39570
LASKARINA Holidays AITO
The Specialist Tour Operators to Greece

TAURUS PINE BEDS

HANDMADE AND SOLD DIRECT FROM OUR WORKSHOP



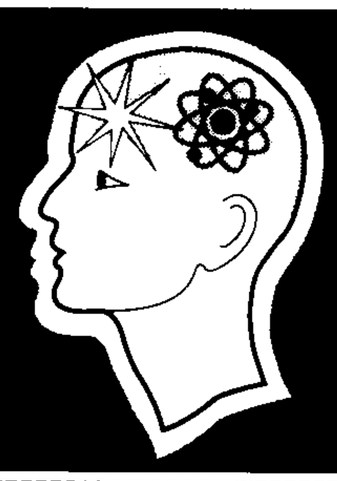
'Despite being the cheapest among the very best' TIME OUT

333 KILBURN HIGH ROAD, LONDON NW6.
OPEN: MONDAY-SATURDAY 10am-6pm
FREE BROCHURE: 071-624 3024

PROGRAM YOUR MIND FOR SUCCESS

AS LOW AS £5 EACH

The Finest Subliminal Tapes at the Lowest Prices Ever!



NEW BREAKTHROUGH IN MIND POWER! REMARKABLE RESULTS

The exciting breakthrough of subliminal programming has been featured is such respected publications as the *New York Times* and, in fact, subliminal techniques are currently being used by leading hospitals and professional therapists worldwide.

But now the process has been propelled to new heights with amazing Subliminal Success™ cassettes. Known as *the "Rolls Royce" of mind reconditioning*, these ultra-powerful, high quality subliminal tapes stimulate fast, positive changes in almost any area you can imagine, including *memory improvement, financial prosperity, weight loss, and overall good health.*

EASY, FAST AND EFFORTLESS

Subliminal Success™ tapes contain special computer embedded positive messages that are effortlessly absorbed by your powerful subconscious mind.

Just play the tape softly as you go about your daily activities - *you don't even have to pay attention.* You'll achieve remarkable results fast, ***or your money back!***

THE MOST POWERFUL MIND TAPES EVER PRODUCED

Three factors place Subliminal Success™ cassettes light years ahead of any other tapes available today:

1. Accu-Level Programming™

Every Subliminal Success™ program contains only the most carefully worded and tested affirmations. This new process is known as Accu-Level Programming™ where the messages are so clear that your powerful subconscious effortlessly absorbs them, guaranteeing fast and permanent results.

2. Whole Brain Synchronization

Neuroscientists have discovered that music at a specific beat per second merge the right and left hemispheres of your brain into a cohesive unit. Studies have shown that this synchronization can speed up the learning process 2 to 5 times while dramatically increasing the receptivity of your subconscious mind.

Subliminal Success™ cassettes utilize this to focus your subconscious to effortlessly manifest all the changes you deserve in your life.

3. The 10,000 Repetition Factor

At the beginning of each cassette your subconscious mind is instructed to accept each listen as having the same impact as if you had listened to it ten thousand times. Once your subconscious accepts this statement to be true, it in fact becomes true. *This unique programming makes these the fastest working and most effective subliminal tapes ever!*

SUPER LOW PRICES WHY PAY MORE

As a special introductory offer you can order any ten Subliminal Success™ tapes for less than £5 each. This price is even more remarkable when you consider that these state-of-the-art subliminal tapes come with a **NO RISK 365 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE PLUS A LIFETIME WARRANTY** against mechanical defects. But supplies are limited and, with prices this low, the availability of these incredible tapes won't last.

Order Today From

POTENTIAL SYSTEMS RESEARCH (U.K.)
PO BOX 577, CHAWSTON, BEDS. MK44 3YR
Tel: (0767) 683900

(24 Hour telephone ordering service for VISA and ACCESS card holders)

NOTE: Due to high demand we must limit all orders to Ten Tapes per customer

YES! I want to program my mind for success. Please rush me the titles I've checked opposite: (indicate quantity)

- ❑ ASC12 HEALTHY AND FIT
- ❑ ASC06 TOTAL PAIN RELIEF
- ❑ ASC01 PERMANENT WEIGHT LOSS
- ❑ ASC02 STOP SMOKING FOREVER
- ❑ ASC04 POWERFUL IMMUNE SYSTEM
- ❑ ASC30 HEALING FAST
- ❑ ASC37 MAXIMUM EXERCISE RESULTS
- ❑ ASC38 FLAT STOMACH
- ❑ ASC17 PEAK PERFORMANCE
- ❑ ASC25 DEEP RELAXATION
- ❑ ASC09 TOTAL RECALL
- ❑ ASC10 UNLIMITED LEARNING
- ❑ ASC11 RAISE YOUR IQ
- ❑ ASC18 CREATIVE GENIUS
- ❑ ASC21 LASER CONCENTRATION
- ❑ ASC05 LOOK YEARS YOUNGER
- ❑ ASC07 POSITIVE SELF IMAGE
- ❑ ASC08 SUPER SELF CONFIDENCE
- ❑ ASC13 MILLIONAIRE MIND SET
- ❑ ASC14 MONEY MAGENTISM
- ❑ ASC19 REACH ANY GOAL
- ❑ ASC23 STUDY BETTER AND FASTER
- ❑ ASC24 SUPER SPEED READING
- ❑ ASC26 ELIMINATE FEAR AND WORRY
- ❑ ASC27 HIGH ENERGY AND ENTHUSIASM
- ❑ ASC29 SELF DISCIPLINE
- ❑ ASC31 ATTRACT THE OPPOSITE SEX
- ❑ ASC33 BE A TOTAL WINNER
- ❑ ASC34 SUCCESS IS YOUR NOW
- ❑ ASC36 PERSONALITY DYNAMICS
- ❑ ASC40 RELEASE PSYCHIC POWERS
- ❑ ASC41 LUCID DREAMING
- ❑ ASC42 POWER SELLING

MULTIPLY YOUR SAVINGS!
1 Tape £11.95 2 Tapes £22 3 Tapes £30
4 Tapes £36 5 Tapes £40
(ADD £2 POSTAGE AND PACKAGING)

★ SUPER MONEY SAVING SPECIAL ★
ANY 10 TAPES ONLY £49.95
(Plus £4 P & P)
Compares to similar offers in the U.S. of around £200

Cheques and Postal Orders payable to:
POTENTIAL SYSTEMS RESEARCH (U.K.)
PO Box 577, Chawston, Beds. MK44 3YR
❑ *Please allow up to 28 days for delivery* ❑
I enclose my Cheque/Postal Order to the value of £..... (U.K. Funds only)
Access ❑ Barclaycard ❑ Expiry Date: / /
Card No.....
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
_____
POST CODE _____
SUPPLY IS LIMITED - ORDER NOW!
PE 27.3.

SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT

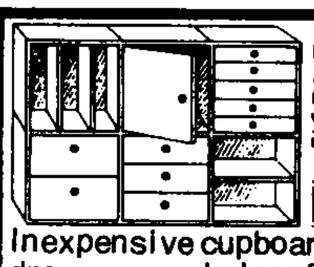
Open or Closed. Even locked and unattended this high- quality executive leather case will monitor and record conversations with exceptional clarity.

However discreet or demanding your surveillance or monitoring needs you will find Lorraine Electronics provide personal advice and service, dependability, reliability, discretion and a product range that's second to none.

You can write, call or telephone now with complete confidence for your free catalogue.

(fully illustrated colour catalogue)

LORRAINE ELECTRONICS SURVEILLANCE PE1
081-558 4226 716 Lea Bridge Road London E10 6AW



CUBES SHELVING TRESTLES DESKS ETC

Inexpensive cupboards, record units drawers, wardrobes & shelf systems beech, white, black for home or work Mail-order catalogue or visit us at **CubeStore 58 Pembroke Road W8** 081-994 6016 (24hrs) also in Suffolk

FUTON EXPRESS

Double Sofa-Beds from £97

Colour Brochure

23/27 Pancras Road, London NW1 2QB
Tel: 071-833 3945 10am-6pm Mon-Sat
Fast U.K. Del or Cash n' Carry

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES (INCLUDING 17½% VAT)

Regular style £1.40 a word.
Centred or displayed advertisements £3.00 a word.
Box numbers £7.50 each
(including forwarding of replies).

Send your advertisements with your name, address, telephone number and cheque or postal order (payable to **PRESSDRAM LTD** - no cash please) to PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG. Also use this address to reply to box numbers. ACCESS, VISA or SWITCH cardholders may dictate advertisements on 071 734 6887 (24hrs) or Fax details on 071 437 0705. Submit advertisements to arrive at least 10 days before issue date. We regret there may be a delay before publication of EYE LOVE advertisements due to demand.

Send your advertisements to reach us by 31st March for inclusion in the next issue.

Quote of the week:

"It's too windy. Can someone please do something about it?"
Elton John, to lackeys

Election Specials!

ELECTION BLUES? Protect your space with "Election Free Zone" poster featuring Johnny, Neil and Paddy. £4.99 each, three for £10. Telephone: 0932-829114 for fast delivery.

SUTCH
a Monster Raving Loony,
feeling upstaged in the face of
STIFF competition.
Wants to be the one and only
loony
ruling your life and dreams.
Fluffy dice need not apply.
Write to the
SCREAMING LORD,
the BALLOT BOX, APRIL 9.

FUCK YOU Government banned poster. Cheque £4.99 to NOSTALGIA MUSEUM, 101-A Kings Cross Road, London WC1 9LP.

BASTION PARTY
Political propaganda.
0891-321124.
36p cheap/48p other times.

THINK THAT 99% of politics is crap? Find out about the 1% that isn't! Write for info and free Socialist Standard to SOCIALIST PARTY. Freepost London SW4 7BR.

THE OFFICERS of Dumbarton Castle wish to inform their friends, relations and appointer(s) that reports of their deaths are greatly exaggerated.

BROADSTAIRS SOPHIE. Monkey Mia Dave has lost your number. Concert? Box 9490.

PAPERBOY: Picking up the pieces? Do you want to talk about it? 081-342 9214.

FOODTESTER AVAILABLE; own spare-keys, doglead and Somersets.

SUPER KOOKIE TAYLOR Happy 12th Birthday.

JIGSAW JOHN Mieketyn retrospective. Edinburgh Festival 1992. Would old clients kindly contact: Box 0190.

ANTI-CAR LONDON details: 0836-593258.

PAY NO POLL TAX

SPEECHWRITING: See "Eye Help".

PISS TAKER? Comedian's Lightning quick "One-Liners" £16.90. (1,000) MERCURY. Freepost, Oldham OL1 2BR.

RICK'S CARICATURES from photos, samples and prices. 081-441 6607.

IMPRESSIVE CERTIFICATES made to your specification. Details: P.L. QUINN, 54 Murat Street, Waterloo, Liverpool L22 8QW.

"PHONEY" PHOTO ID cards are now available. SAE for catalogue. BELVINE (DEPT EYE), PO Box 320, Wembley, Middx. HA0 2UH.

SPOOFBALLS. Solid metal with pouch. £4.95. Office sets (4) £17.95. AJECO, 16 Brighton Road, Redland, Bristol BS6 6NT.

CIGARETTE PAPERS! 37 varieties! Free catalogue: FREEPOST, PO Box 12(P), Tenby, SA70 7ZZ.

PERSONALISED JIGSAWS from your photographs: 081-889 3854.

SURVEILLANCE DEVICES transmitters & receivers/recorders. Telephone voice changers. Telecorders records both sides of conversation discretely. Catalogue: 0532-360348.

T-SHIRTS screenprinted. 0736-66248.

CARICATURES from photographs. JON: 071-733 9897.

BALLOON FLIGHTS over Thames Valley. 0923-836633.

SOVIET MEMORABILIA: badges, flags, posters, cards, banners. Many collectors' items. 0286-78099.

SICK OF CRAP T-shirts? Design your own in full colour. We need your design/image/photo/wording. Enlarged up to 16 x 11 and printed onto fully washable best shirts (original returned) £11 including P&P. CCE, 27 Stamford St, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs. Tel: 061-343 4739.

BIRTHDAY DUE? Give an original newspaper, dated the day they were born. £17.90. 0492-531303. (9 am - 9 pm. 7 days)

THE ULTIMATE GIFT for your man. Pure sensuous silk boxer shorts with 3 hallmarked solid 9 carat gold buttons — £79 available in black or burgundy. Credit card orders telephone 0492 534763.

A CHAMPAGNE HAMPER for Easter, champagne plus Belgian chocolates in a wider hamper delivered for £37.50. 0602-603485: WICKER & BOX.

PORTRAITS IN oils. Children, adults, pets, from photographs. Box 10090.

ANSA-PHONE MESSAGES: Humorous, professional, characters, novel (a perfect gift) — whatever you require — send £5 for a demo tape of examples, which includes a free general use message. SEAN BELL, entertainment and media (PE), 1 Fountain Close, Hassle, N. Humberside HU13 0LB.

WANKER OF THE year? Best golfer? Personalised awards for the victim of your choice. £5. 0225-837473.

CERTIFICATES MADE to order. All types of certificates made to your own specification. Details with pleasure. (Loose stamp appreciated.) ERIC KIRBY, 40 Tanhill Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire SK2 5LE Tel: (before noon) 061-487 1475.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS. Standard/deluxe assessment including sexual/criminal tendencies. 071 823 9229/0480 436436

BIRTHDATE/ANNIVERSARY newspapers — FREEPHONE 0800-181803.

A "TITLE" FOR a tenner? Details to SA-SURVIVAL (P), Gayfield, Arbroath, Scotland DD11 1QJ.

LAWYER GIFTS — traditional and irreverent. Free catalogue 0734 264822.

FRACTALS! Computer generated graphics. Prints, cards, Tee and Sweatshirts. SAE for catalogue to: R. Ramsey, 9 Andrews Drive, Stanley Common, Derbyshire, DE7 6GJ.

QUALITY CARICATURES and cartoons. Guy: 081-520 7262.

BALLOON FLIGHTS — anywhere (almost!) 0272-633333.

BALLOON SAFARIS around London and the South East. 0784 451007.

SICK OF CARS T-shirt. £9.99. GLD, Unit 126, Orbic Works, Ashley Lane, Shipley BD17 7DB.

BALLOON FLIGHTS for Easter Bunnies. £95 Hants/Berks. 081 840 0108.

PARTY PARTY have balloons balloons balloons. Balloons in a box, bouquets of balloons, bubble gum balloons, air walkers, balloon decorations, specials for Mother's Day. We deliver or you collect. Also everything for any party. Party catering and the best theme cakes! Telephone 071 267 9084.

THE ULTIMATE in luxury. Pure sensuous silk and lace suspender belt with a beautiful hall-marked 9 carat gold buckle and clip. £49.95 available in ivory or black. Credit card orders: telephone 0492 534763.

YOUR MESSAGE IN PICCADILLY LIGHTS
A unique way to send your message.
Put it on the huge
SPECTACOLOR
advertising screen in Piccadilly Circus.
Any greeting: Birthdays, Engagements, Congratulations or simply Welcome to London.
Phone Ann for details on 071 499 6155.

NAME A STAR for the one you love. International Star Registry allocates and registers name of your choice in USA and Switzerland. Fab gift pack includes splendid colour certificate inscribed in calligraphy and star chart pinpointing exact location. £40 inclusive. Access/Visa/Diners/cheque call FREEPHONE 0800 212493 or write ISR, FREEPOST, 24 Highbury Grove, London N5 2BR.

BALLOON FLIGHTS — gift vouchers available for champagne trips. Kent/Somerset/Hants. 0308-58016.

YOUNG ARTIST needs inexpensive living/working space in London. Box 1390.

STREATHAM: large d/f 6 bedroom house with drive & 120ft garden. Close to BR, buses, icerink and shops. £250,000. Ring RUSHTON 071 437 4017 or 081 769 7339 for viewing details.

TENERIFE — 2nd floor apartment in private, security-guarded residential block, with own pools, 10 mins from sea, port and town, east of Los Cristianos. Hall, living room, verandah, bathroom, bedroom, telephone, mountain views. All linen, crockery, kitchen utensils etc included in £33,500 price. Contact: OCEAN PROPERTIES, Avda de Suecia, 56, 38650 Los Cristianos, Tenerife. Telephone (010 3422) 791262.

a place of your
own is just
as important
to a person
with a mental
handicap

mencap

FOUR-POSTERS, £570 delivered. Excellent quality. Brochure: PINECRAFT (PE), 9 Wingate Drive, M20 8RT. 061-434 1432/061-446 2372.

PHONECODE DECODER. Dialling codes listed numerically. Locate advertisers! Check phonebills! £3.00, 2/£5. BWT (DEPT P), 14-16 Borstal Street, Rochester, Kent ME3.

YOUR PHOTOS ON videotape. Negatives, slides, prints transferred to VHS. Tel: 081-452 7559.

FLASHING CAR dashboard thief deterrent. £7.99. Stamped envelope for details. BETELEC, 6a Well Street, Buckingham, MK18 1EW.

GROW-LIGHTS — 3 400 watt metal halide master blasters. £65 each. 0926-624040.

RE-CONNECT THAT cellphone to low-cost airtime. Regardless of history. Details: 0836-316375.

PLAYER PIANO, restored with rolls. Great fun! £950. 0737-222410.

DISCREET LISTENING and recording equipment. Free catalogue: 021-411 1821.

HI-FI CLEAROUT. It's one scoop after another here at RICHER SOUNDS, your favourite hi-fi store! If you don't mind yelling, come and get a piece of the action at prices that make grown men weep! RICHER SOUNDS. Freephone 0800 591366 (24 hrs) for your FREE copy of our bargain-packed fun catalogue/price list.

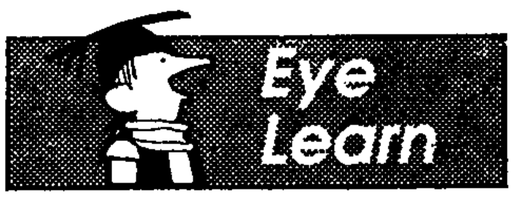
POOL TABLES, juke boxes from £275. 0836 765530, 0532 652986.

IMPRESSIONIST and Old Master copies, and portraits from photographs. Genuine hand-painted oil-on-canvas. Free colour catalogue. 0545 560164.

GOVERNMENT AUCTION News. 071-252 6345.

DESIGNER-TYPE WATCHES — be like a film-star for as little as £15. Ideal gift. Mail-order trade enquiries welcome. Phone for a catalogue: *0628 784611.*

OLD PERSIAN RUGS, carpets, runners. Mostly £60-£2,000. Not a shop, just a shed, so telephone first. DESMOND NORTH, The Orchard, East Peckham, Kent. 0622 871 353.



GET THE EDGE BACK on your European Languages! Join EUROPEOPLE — The Social, Cultural and Business Network. Expand your social skills, meet potentially useful professional and social contacts from both sides fo the Channel. Introductory meetings Wednesdays 6.30 & 8.30. Charing Cross Hotel. Call Anne or Tim 071-729 5784 for a free invitation.

BEAT THE DEALER roulette seminar/workshop. Grosvenor Hotel, Victoria, London May 2nd 11 am - 8 pm. Lunch provided. £120. Places limited. Book now. ARMSTRONG ENTERPRISES, 7 Broadway, Kingston Road, Staines, Middx TW18 1AT.

REMEMBER PAGES of information, or even whole books; 100 law cases, languages and much more. Proven system reveals secrets to 100% memory power. Just £8.95 + £1.00 P&P to MEMORY SYSTEMS UK, 45 Wingfield Road, Bromham, Bedford MK43 8JY.

POTTERY COURSES: Greek Islands. Scots potter, great food, pool, beaches, tavernas. Phone evenings: 031-229 5633.

LEARN GRAPHOLOGY and become a personnel advisor to industry. DG(1) ASSOCIATES - School of Graphology, Y-Bwthyn, Dardy, Llangattock, Crickhowell, Powys, NP8 1PS.

LEARN TO TEACH English — 1 wk/weekend courses. 4 wk Trinity College. TESOL commencing 11 May, 3 August, 7 September. Grove House. 0322-386826.

LEARN CARTOONING by post from professionals. Good markets available. Details SAE: "PRESSART", 10 North Bughtlin Gate, Edinburgh EH12 8XL.

WEEKEND WRITING courses (£44) (In conjunction with Open College Arts): Two days tuition from professional authors, small groups, fantastic value. SAE to: WORDCRAFT, Old Reading Room, Lidgate, Suffolk. CB8 9PP.

LEARN FRENCH — reasonably priced tuition. 071-603 1062 (Kensington).

LA DOLCE LINGUA You too can sweet-talk the Italians in their own language after a course at the BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE. Full details from The British Institute, Lungarno Guicciardini 9, 50125 Firenze. Tel 010 39 55 28 4031.

LEARN RUSSIAN language, study in Moscow. 081-544 1718.

TAI CHI CHUAN — for fitness and self defence; professional private/group tuition. 081-368 6815.

GLIDER PILOT in a week... why not? 071-706 2434 for brochure.

LEARN JAPANESE. 071-622 0529.

READY FOR the Single Market? Or still stuck in the English-speaking recession? Learn languages! EF provides language training in the country where the language is spoken. French in France, German in Germany etc — the proven way of learning most in the shortest time. (071) 262 5709.

EFFECTIVE FRENCH coaching — 071-935 8641.

FREE PARACHUTE JUMP nationwide. Phone 071-250 1537.

APHRODISIACS: What are they? We research the candidates, from ancient to modern, Brand-new privately published book tells where, when... and how! Full, easy-to-follow details from medical experts. Anyone can succeed... easily. SAE to DIPIX (E), PO Box 75, Sandwich CT13 9RT, UK.

EARTHSTARS — London's ley-lines; Pentagrams of ancient sites. The Barnet Triangle. Camelot in Cockfosters. London's Temple of the Stars. Mystic Earth energies and much more. 80 maps and illustrations. EARTHSTARS; £12.50 post free from Hermitage Publishing, PO Box 1383, London N14 6LF.

US BARGAINS! Buy direct from USA at half UK prices. Electronics, hi-fi, computers, golf clubs, sunglasses, sports equipment, clothes, cameras, etc. Comprehensive handbook "Buying direct from USA". £12.95 or send for details. DIREKT, 33 Grove Park, London SE5 8LG.

DYLAN FANZINE £3. PO Box 1494, SW6 6PU.

CASABLANCA: the magazine that arrests the unusual suspects. £20 sub, £2 copy from 27 Old Gloucester Street, WC1N 3AF.

HERE AND NOW
NO. 12:
Magazine of Intelligent Subversion.
Anti-Management articles; Serial Killer Craze; Satanic Abuse Saga Continues; Myths of Professionalism; and more
£1.20 (+ SAE) from:
PO Box 109,
LEEDS LS5 3AA

"HOW TO AVOID Paying Your Debts" — buy it before they ban it - £14.50. "The Fraud Report" — A consumer's (or conman's) guide to survival: £12.50. "How To Steal A Job" — underhand tricks revealed — £12.50. Payment or SAE for details to GOWER PRESS, PO Box 260, Cardiff CF2 6XT.

HEDGEPIG BOOKFINDERS — Established, successful service. All titles/subjects located. No search fees. 18 Fullers Field, Great Milton, Oxford OX9 7PJ. 0844-278141.

THE REAL YORKSHIRE RIPPER Revealed. Peter Sutcliffe, the mentailly disturbed Copy-Cat Ripper was eliminated by police 9 times because his blood group didn't match the Ripper's and his teeth pattern was different. For the amazing 144 page true story send £5 to N. O'GARA PUBLICATIONS, Ballinahowen, Athlone, Ireland.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE are publishing for themselves — the DTP revolution hits Britain. Read all about it, join it, do it yourself. The all-new 1992 Small Press Yearbook is now on sale at the old price — £6.99 + £1 p&p. Lists more than 2,000 small presses in Britain, access to 20,000 in America. Tips galore! SMALL PRESS GROUP, 20 Paul Street, Frome, BA11 1DX. Credit cards: 0373 51777

EYES 233 TO 651. Offers: Warrington 0925-755097.

PRIVATE EYE magazine number 462 onwards. Some missing. Offers: 081-505 6121.

"PERMANENT SLENDERNESS Finally Solved". A4 book. Guaranteed. £12.95. NEW ERA TAPES (PE), 15 Royal Crescent, Cheltenham GL50 3DA.

APHRODISIAC QUALITY massage oil (100 gm) £6.50 inc P&P. Cheques to: 4-MOST ENTERPRISE, 11 Bilberry, Crawley, Sussex RH11 9ER.

FLOATING INDUCES original thinking. Single £20, 2-person £30. Float vouchers make creative gifts. HAMPSTEAD FLOAT CENTRE: 071-794 8717.

PSYCHOLOGY UNLIMITED information on counselling for stress, bereavement, weight loss, relationships. 0426-954232 (24 hours).

EFFECTIVE PENIS enlargement now a reality. No gadgets. Revolutionary! Erection problems? Impotence? Confidential free details, SAE: P.E. KAS (UK), PO Box 95, Southsea, Hants PO5 3EF. Agents also required. 0705-861296.

PRIVATE EYE treatment can cure shortsight — honest! Details: THE CORNEAL LASER CENTRE, Clatterbridge Hospital, 051-334 0738.

SOLICITOR NEEDED for damages case. NWNF basis. Box 9690.

COLLECTOR WANTS genuine Irish shillelagh. Top quality only. Box 0290.

HAVE ANY OF you heard of/had dealings with: 1. Doreen Millington — East London/insurance person. 2. Bernard Hardingham — South East London/finance person. 3. Robert Maxted — Ipswich/butcher. 4. Clive Sullivan — Ilford. 5. Brian Richards — East London. 6. Christina King — Ilford? If so let me know. JANE DUNCAN. Box 0390.

CASH WAITING for cellphones. Details: 0836-316375.

THE IDEAS WORKSHOP
Are you frustrated by not knowing who to approach with your idea or talent?
We want to hear from you!
We would like to hear details of your talent or idea.
(Please give as much info as possible.)
Maybe we can put you on the road to success!
Box 11890.

SHOTGUNS: PAIRS or single best quality guns required, plus associated guncases etc. Please contact Box 10190.

WANTED: "Humourabilia" for charity auction at Bonham's, Knightsbridge, May 20th. Help establish a National Museum of Cartoon Art and donate your outlandish relics to: THE CARTOON ART TRUST, 156 Munster Road, London SW6 5RA.

ADULT MAGAZINES bought for cash. 081-340 9668.

GROWN-UP VIDEOS purchased. Details. Box 0386.

NOILLY PRAT

French, dry
and elegant in glasses,
seeks tasteful connoisseur
for pre-lunch experience....

Noilly Prat is l'aperitif definitif!

Before lunch, before dinner- the delicious, dry, rounded, taste of Noilly Prat cleanses the palate and stimulates the appetite like no other aperitif.

Fine wines matured in oak for 3 years in the sun- drenched South of France, enriched with a secret blend of more than 40 herbs, produce the unique taste.

Experience Noilly Prat today- simply chilled or with ice.

And remember when you order, the name *does* rhyme with cat.

FRENCH, DRY
AND
MISUNDERSTOOD.

DEMANDING BUT careful financiers required for lucrative bond scheme. Box 10290.

STOCK MARKET SHARE graphs. SAE for price list. 12 Bowling Close, Harpenden AL5 1QP.05 790 £16.80

THE ROLLING STONES. Do you like music, making money, lying in the sun? OTE £300,000 pa. Telephone Andrew 06487-62233. Write: 3 Brookland Street, Belfast BT9 7FZ.

ROULETTE. The big one. The one that really works. Unique guarantee. If you fail to win at least £5,000 within the first month of operation return the system and in return we will award you 7 nights luxury accommodation in Tenerife or Spain. Send just £20 payable to FROBISHERS, Dept E, FREEPOST, Sheffield S10 1BQ or pay by Amex or Diners, simply call 0742-666247.

EARN HUNDREDS per week. No gimmicks. Free details 9 Lowcroft, North Yorkshire YO3 5US.

ARMCHAIR TYCOON. Incredible new home opportunity. £250,000 in 2 years. Unbelievable? Exciting details. Box 0490.

£60,000 PA for just £12 a week!! Genuine mail-order opportunity. Details: APC, Dept PE2, 4 Glebe Crescent, Rugby CV21 2HG.

DISCREET PEOPLE.
Place bets for me.
High cash payments.
DR DONALD MESSENGER
4 Gurdon, Colchester.

AMAZING OPPORTUNITY. Incredible income: 0527-821288 7pm-9pm.

QUIZMAIL CHALLENGE. Tough, fascinating national monthly postal general knowledge quiz tournament. Top prize £250 plus £50 for each league winner. Details from QUIZMAIL, FREEPOST, PO Box 41, Stotfold, Hitchin, Herts. SG5 4DP. 0462-834696.

£150 PLUS PER week working from home, part-time. No skill required. SAE for further details to GOWER PRESS, PO Box 260, Cardiff CF2 6XT.

AIR MILES bought for cash. £6.00 per 100. Enquire Box 9590.

WANTED, ATTRACTIVE personality, self-motivated, creative, articulate entrepreneurs, 25-50 yrs. Nationwide. New, innovative concept earning +50K per year. For details phone: 0624-622537.

EARN £100's per weekend. Details — TRIDENT, Suite 1 (PE 1), 281 City Road, London EC1V.

GIVE UP THE day job and live a life of leisure with proven horse racing betting strategy that netts minimum £100 per day. Just £20 for secret to SYSTEMS UK, 45 Wingfield Road, Bromham, Bedford MK43 8JY.

VICTIMS OF SPANISH property rackets. Act together. Box 9290.

AREA MANAGERS required to supervise salespersons in own area. Part time/full time. Commission only. CV to ABACUS OILS, 4 Bacup Road, Rawtenstall, Lancs.

COMPLETE FINANCIAL independence. Free details: (Dept 3) WORLD PUBLISHING, PO Box 2570, London N5 1EF.

AUTOMATIC HIGH income!! Unique opportunity proof supplied! SAE to Box 0887.

FUNDRAISERS: Racenights on film/video could raise over £1,000 for your club/charity. Details 081-969 6588.

TURN £3 INTO £19.95 in your spare time. Genuine opportunity. 0836-405394. Calls charged 36p/min cheap rate, 48p/min other times. ORIGINALS, PO Box 12, L37 1WF.

MALE TEACHER, 39. Bus/truck driver seeks charity expedition work. Distance/danger no object. JOHN: 0536-84041.

PC ANALYST programmer requires new challenge. I also train and support. Let me get results for your company. NIGEL MOSSMAN: 0494-462059.

POLISH SPEAKING "switched-on" young executive seeks serious opportunities in England or Poland. Box 9390.

a good job
means just
as much
to a person
with a mental
handicap

mencap

COMPUTER TROUBLE? Let a genuine PC expert help you with advice, installation, setup, programming and troubleshooting — and save yourself some big headaches. Call TOBY on 071-229 3001 for friendly, professional service.

600 SELF improvement items. Brochure 4 x 1st stamps. NEW ERA TAPES AND PUBLICATIONS (PE), 15 Royal Crescent, Cheltenham GL50 3DA.

MAILMINDERS. Temporary/permanent mailing address. 071-490 1708. P £5.00 month, B £7.50 month.

EXECUTIVE CV and career services. 0633-880834.

OFFSHORE COMPANIES. Investment/Trading. SAFEHAVEN ACCOUNTANCY: 0624-629000.

CUSTOM IBM software, fixed price. Call Matt on 0831-466320.

I CLEAR BLOCKED drains. High pressure water jetting a speciality. Reasonable rates. Contracts wanted. Surrey/London/Middx. 081-547 1234.

CHANGE YOUR NAME! Legal documentation only £25. No fuss, personal/confidential service. SARAH P. JOULE, 1 Brynawel, Crvnant, W. Glam SA10 8SR.

MAKE YOUR presentations fun! Humorous overheads for every occasion! Write to CHUCKLES, 71 The Mount, York YO2 2AX. Fax: 0904-613596.

CV'S EXPERTLY COMPILED
0985-214670

CREATORS — Protect your ideas. 700 word fact sheet. £1 plus SAE. Box 0590.

YOUR CV is your first interview — get it right! Fully computerised service £15. YVONNE 0276 29956.

TRAVEL INSURANCE — Viewfinder. 0705 694637/690518.

PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, professional, individual, commercial specialists providing documented investigations but capable of undertaking all types including domestic and surveillance. 071 221 2121/0831 639338.

SPEECHWRITING: Individually customised professional service. Corporate, social, political. Speedy and confidential. Make 'em laugh or no fee! Call the expert — MITCH MURRAY, 0624-622660. Access/Visa.

VERY PRIVATE investigations — surveillance experts. ASD INVESTIGATIONS, 081-471 1213.

AUDIO REPAIRS — CD specialists. 071-739 5940.

A CV IN 24 hours from £17.50. Call 071-258 3436.

PRESS RELEASES by real journalist — no PR bullshit. 071-735 2364.

MAIL BOX RENTAL. Private mail boxes available in Central London. Access 365 days, 24 hours a day. Call 071 225 2625 for your nearest outlet.

FIREWORK DISPLAYS for the connoisseur. FIREWORK DISPLAY ARTISTS. Brochure: 0949-51199.

PRIVATE INVESTIGATORS (established). 071-837 8377.

FLOOR SANDING and sealing. London area. 081-466 1392.

FREE UNIX® support! Call Andrew: 0256 464912.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS/ phone: private/business use, East London, very cheap. Parcels handled incoming and outgoing mail redirection. Open Saturdays. 081-471-1213

DETECTIVE AGENCY (established). Trace — £65. Negative — £25. ASSET INVESTIGATIONS. 071-738 7771.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS: discreet/ confidential mail/message-holding service, W1. 071-580 4242.

CONSERVATIONIST NEEDS £2,700 for voluntary work in Africa. Any amount gratefully received. Box 10390.

COCKER SPANIEL. Beautiful, irreplacable. Stranded in Cape Town. Will be put down if money not raised now for transportation and quarantine. Please help. Box 10490.

FAMILY MAN needs £30,000. Can not progress unless I pay. Can go bust without help. It's urgent. Any help or assistance will do. Can repay in three years time latest. Box 10590.

£2,400 GENUINELY needed to help save environment, anything welcome. Box 1190.

I NEED £3,000 to complete my spiritual development. Help, I am nearly there. Box 9890.

£15,581 (or a Mazda MX-5) please! £5 notes welcome. Box 9990.

SENESCENCE INVESTIGATOR seeks funding. Box 8990.

PLEASE HELP. Struggling young businessman urgently needs £6,500 to clear debts. Will gladly repay. Box 9090.

DETERMINED STUDENT needs money to finish course — donations gratefully accepted. Box 9190.

ANGUISHED MOTHER, victim of repeated misfortunes, urgently needs £10,000 for seriously ill child. Please help. Last resort. Box 0690.

FALKLANDS VETERAN going mad. £9,000 needed. Box 0790.

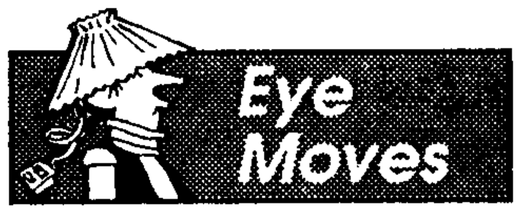
PLEASE PLEASE please help! Money required urgently for operation. Box 0890.

ALREADY HARD-PUSHED student needs sponsorship to carry out voluntary conservation work in Belize. I need to raise £1,600. Help! Box 0990.

After Bananaballs now there's
FURBALLS!
LYNX
— famous anti-fur organisation
— is being sued for libel by a fur factory farmer. £100,000 is needed for legal defence.
Contributions of any size urgently required.
Cheques to:
LYNX,
PO Box 300, Nottingham
NG1 5HN

DESPERATE STUDENT urgently requires £850 for tour of Amish Hutterite and Shaker communities in America. Please help. Genuine. Box 1290.

PHOTOGRAPHIC FINE artist requires investment to realise vision. Box 9790.



LIGHT MOVES — anywhere, any time. 071-373 0175.

VAN WITH A MAN. No mission impossible. 071-228 9003.

REMOVALS AND rubbish clearance. 071-602 3036.

MINIBUS. 071-608 2811.

SPACIOUS VAN with driver to help. ALAN TURNER: 081-348 6836.

LAUNGEDOC-ROUSSILLON. It's hard to make a buck farming here nowadays, so we've restored an ancient cottage at Fajac as a gite. Sleeps 4/6. Share our pool. Very tranquil, but birds noisy in forest. Great centre for exploring the Midi. Write Château de Fajac, 11420 Pech Luna, France or call 010 33 68 60 61 14.

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED clifftop Edwardian holiday home — overlooks sea and beaches on Cornwall's Roseland peninsula. Sleeps 8-plus. Summer, autumn and spring dates available. Phone 042-482 404.

STOP PRESS: Both May Bank Holidays still available. Charming, quaint house (1 double, 1 single bedroom) available to let in mystical Glastonbury's town centre. Centrally-heated, fully furnished and with all necessary utensils, crockery etc. Telephone: 0234 211606 (answerphone) for details.

FALMOUTH, CORNWALL. Large harbourside holiday house. Several weeks still available. 0326-40766.

ALGARVE: Villas/apartments. COSTA DEL SOL: Apartments. Tailormade holidays to wide selection of private rental properties to your requirements at unbeatable prices. MERIT TRAVEL, 79 High Street, London SE25 6EA, tel: 081-653 6514. ABTA.

DON'T MISS THE OLYMPICS! Selection of Bohemian apartments, high rent — fax Barcelona 3154224 with your requirements.

FLEE TO FABULOUS Florida: Thousands of Brits live/work/invest here. How? Get the inside track from an established London businesswoman who's made the British in Florida her speciality. For details send £2 (stamps/cash), 117 Gardens Drive #103, Pompano, Florida 33069.

FIRST CIRCUMNAVIGATING overland expedition from Cape (South Africa) to Cape (South America) volunteers needed from 2 weeks up to 5 months. All nationalities and ages eligible. Tel: 0849 467878.

EXODUS EXPEDITION overland — Africa, Asia, South America from 4 to 23 weeks. For brochures telephone: 081-673 0859.

TRUCK AFRICA — Best value for money in overlanding. 6 weeks Kenya to Zimbabwe £455. 5-7 months England to Kenya/Zimbabwe £1,360. Call 071-731 6142 (24 hours) for brochure.

INDIA ADVENTURE. 30 day escorted tour under £1,500. Oct 1992: 0252-620345.

DARTMOOR. SMALL elegant period house, which features in major guides for excellent cuisine and accommodation. Abseiling, climbing, walking, horse-riding, orienteering, canoeing available. 0647-21228.

THE ARCANUM ADVENTURE. Challenge your friends/colleagues to discover the secret in the woods. All inclusive weekend or week breaks at our secret location. Dare you come into the woods to play? Suitable for all. Full details and brochure. Telephone: 0580-754390.

FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE. Tailormade walking holidays with luggage transported en route. Our representative meets you on arrival and looks after your chosen arrangements in simple or deluxe hotels. Medieval Tuscan hill towns, Cinque Terre coast, Dordogne, Loire Valley, Cotswolds. All areas from £265 per week. AITO member. Tel: 0865-310255 (brochure hotline).

LEARN TO DRIVE courses. HIGHWAY HOLIDAYS. 0492-531517.

BEAUTIFUL YACHT, and skipper for hire. Torquay. Brochure from DEREK BRISTOW: 0392-77012.

RUSSIA. St Petersburg, Kremlin, Dachas, Bolshoi, circus, Hermitage. Flatstays, B&B, individual travel. From £155. "RUSSKIES", 0742-583591.

TRAIN TO TEACH English abroad. High quality weekend courses. London, Bristol, good jobs in Greece and elsewhere. Tel: 0272-444503. PRIMARY HOUSE, 300 Gloucester Road, Bristol.

SHIPBOARD ROMANCE. Make an "old gaffer" very happy! No experience necessary to help sail and enjoy a classic boat in the lazy warmth of the Mediterranean. £240 P.P.P.W. + flight (flogging, keel hauling, lobster thermidor extra). 0983-884234.

MYKONOS IN MAY. Seeing is believing! Direct flights from Gatwick with SIMPLY SIMON HOLIDAYS. Also other Cyclades islands. Brochure 071 373 1933.

TALL STORY — Five adventure sports in one week. Mountain bike riding, paragliding, white water challenge, mountain adventure, summer glacier skiing. Expert tuition, stunning scenery, luxury Austrian hospitality, affordable prices. Hairy legs and biceps not required. Call TALL STORIES: 0932-252002.

AFRICA FACE TO FACE Inexpensive camping safaris, flights, diving holidays. Botswana, Egypt, Kenya, Malawi, Namibia, South Africa, Tanzania, Zaire, Zimbabwe. Free brochure. ACACIA EXPEDITIONS 081 451 3877

OKAVANGO DELTA/ Zimbabwe: 18-20 day safari departing 28 May £975 including flights 0533 626899.

ESCAPE!! Work abroad. Thousands of opportunities worldwide. Full details, stamp. FIRST POST PUBLISHING, 12 Millacres, Ware, Herts SG12 9PU.

TRAVEL INSURANCE — no travel agent involved. Book direct, Lloyds underwritten, eg. £108 12-months worldwide insurance. VIEWFINDER 0705 694637/690518.

FRENCH GITE still available. 0705 694637/690518

COGNAC COUNTRY, SW France. River cruising barge charter, canoeing/camping. Selection riverside/coastal cottages. Excellent fishing, golf. 081 813 5638 (24 hrs).

AFRICAN TRAILS. Overland safaris. 5-8 weeks, Southern Africa, Serengeti, gorillas, Okavango £440-£850. TransAfrica £1,300 — frequent departures. 081-747 8093.

AFRICA EXPLORED — trans-African overland expeditions from 2 weeks (£250) to 22 weeks (£1,150). Phone 0633-222250 for brochures (24 hours).

AFRICAN SAFARIS 5 weeks £425, 9 weeks £795. Itineraries: Kenya/Zimbabwe. PHOENIX OVERLAND: 0533-626899.

MOUNTAIN BIKE expeditions across the Himalayas. CHANDERTAL TOURS: 0323-646604.

AFRICA... the ultimate adventure holiday destination. With 20 years experience in Camping and Lodge based Safaris. TRACKS are the African Specialist. Tours from 8 days to 18 weeks are featured in our new 1992/93 brochure. For your free copy contact TRACKS, 12 Abingdon Road, London W8 6AF. Tel: 071-937 3028.

HIMALAYAN TREKKING, mountaineering, jeep safaris, pony trekking, fishing. CHANDERTAL TOURS: 0323-646604.

HAVE SHORTS — trans-Africa expedition, 20 weeks £950. Last few places! Brochure: 091 526 5488.

EXPLORER EXPEDITIONS. 6-27 weeks TransAfrica overland from £395-£1,495. Departures July, Oct, Nov 92, Feb 93. Telephone: 071-485 4720/0633-257561 for brochure. 16 years' experience.

sun sea and sand feel just as good to a person with a mental handicap

mencap

ENJOY AUTHENTIC CORSICA on our tailormade holidays. The widest range of individual houses, apartments and small hotels. Or try our wildlife, painting and flydrive tours. VOYAGES ILENA, 071-720 0111 AITO.

EXPLORE WORLDWIDE from Bhutan to Botswana, Turkey to Thailand... 130 small group exploratory tours, treks, and expeditions. Free 80-page brochure. Tel: (0252) 344161 (24 hrs).

SAFARI CAMPING adventure holidays. See the well-known and more remote Africa — in close-up — over 50 different Adventures and Expeditions from the African Specialists. Colour brochure, telephone: 0373-827046 (24 hours). GUERBA EXPEDITIONS LTD, 101 Eden Vale Road, Westbury, BA13 3QX.

COTSWOLD GLIDING CLUB. Five-day holiday courses inclusive of all flying and instruction. £225. Accommodation lists supplied. 0285-760415 for brochure.

SMALL AD/BIG discount. Africa/Europe/USA. ABACUS TRAVEL, 0462-480680.

ASIA, AFRICA, SOUTH AMERICA overland expeditions. UK to Kathmandu, 9, 13 or 15 weeks. UK to Nairobi 20 weeks, to Harare 26 weeks. Nairobi to Harare 5 weeks, S. America 6 to 23 weeks. Turkey, M. East, Egypt 8 weeks. New colour brochure. DRAGOMAN (PE), 8 Camp Green, Debenham, Suffolk IP4 6LA. 0728 861133 (24 hours).

GOLDEN SANDS TRAVEL — discount flights. 071 439 8737.

FLIGHT OPTION 0432 851062.

ECONOMIC FLIGHTS specialising in USA, Australia and Far East. UNIVERSE TRAVEL, 30 Friern Barnet Road, London N11 1NA. Telephone: 081-368 9544. Fax: 081-361 8498.

AUSTRALIA from £625. NYC/Washington from £219. USA/ Europe/ Worldwide best air fares. MERIT TRAVEL, 79 High Street, London, SE25 6EA. Tel: 081-653 6514.

OLD VOLKS HOME requires inmates. We buy — sell — restore — VW Beetles, BROOKS OLD VOLKS HOME, Oakley Works, Chinnor, Oxon. 0844-53535.

BMW CONNECTIONS Sod the recession, go on — treat yourself to a BMW. You deserve it! Free instant access to 400 private pre-owned BMWs — other prestige/sportscars located on request. Our callous, rude staff have no intention of helping you whatsoever. 081-447 8231.

GRANDCHILDREN OF ALBION anthology poets Thur 26 March Waterstones 9 Garrick St WC2 from 6.30 — F P-K then Sat 4 April from 12.30pm M Horo et al Bernard Stone Bkshop 42 Lambs Conduit St WC1 both FREE (GofA book £11 post free from NEW DEPARTURES, Bisley, Glos GL6 7BU).

THE WILLIAM RUSHTON Archive will open on March 18th at JACK DUNCAN BOOKS, 36 Fossgate, York YO1 2TF. It will be a permanent exhibition of all Rushton's original drawings for the Eye, the Telegraphs, the Independent, Literary Review etc. all for sale on the walls of one of York's famous secondhand bookshops.

BLAKE'S SEVEN/ Doctor Who convention. October 1992. Contact: WHO'S SEVEN, 137 High Street, Plaistow Broadway, E13 9HH. SSAE please.

UNIQUE PARTY venues available. Ideal for parties/weddings/conferences. For further details contact Jerry Griffiths, MASK ENTERTAINMENTS. Tel: 071-792 1492.

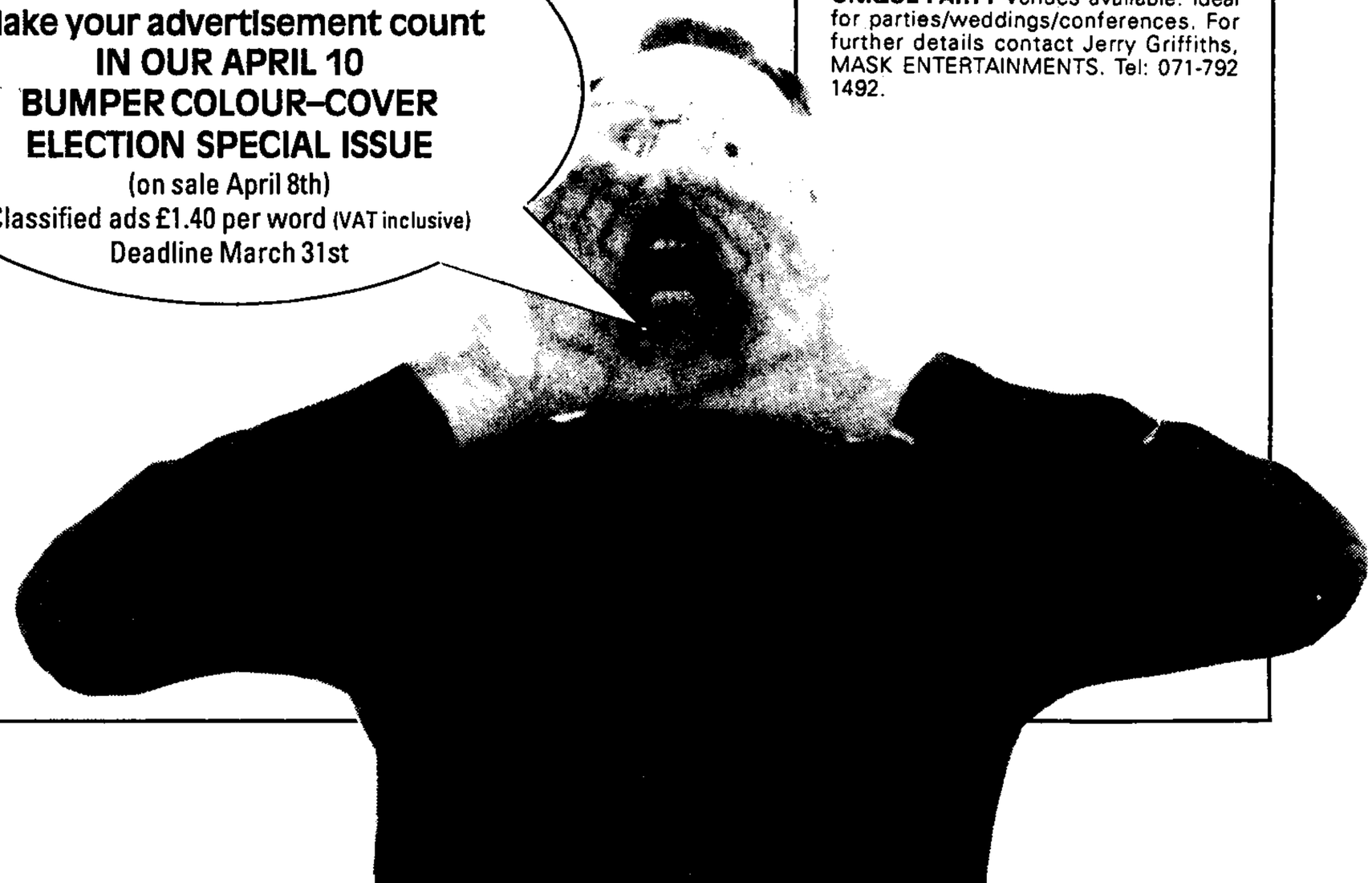
Voters!

Make your advertisement count IN OUR APRIL 10 BUMPER COLOUR–COVER ELECTION SPECIAL ISSUE

(on sale April 8th)

Classified ads £1.40 per word (VAT inclusive)

Deadline March 31st



RADIO CAROLINE: Where is it? What happened? How can you help? 0836-404576 for the full ding ding! Calls charged 36p/min cheap rate, 48p/min other times. RGS, BCM-225 London WC1N 3XX.

MOSCOW CONNECTION. 400 lovely Russian ladies: doctors, artists, musicians, etc. Pictured 170 page catalogue, seek similar, educated, marriage-minded gentlemen. 081-505 4095.

THE BEAUCHAMP CLUB — Convivial dinner parties at select venues for professional people who enjoy good food and wine. Please call for details: 081-568 7183 or 0784-247653.

THAI THE KNOT Thailand's premier marriage agency. Meet our beautiful Thai ladies. Free brochure. 041-639 9493.

VEGGY & LONESOME? Ring 081-348 5229.

a good night
out is just
as much fun
to a person
with a mental
handicap

mencap

BRITAIN'S BEST Green/New Age friendship agency. NATURAL FRIENDS. 0284-728315 anytime.

PENFRIENDS — USA. Make lasting friendships through correspondence. Send age, interests. Free reply. HARMONY, Box 82295PE, Phoenix, Arizona 85071, USA.

POLISH INTRODUCTIONS. Telefax: 071-609 6747.

RICHMOND DINING CLUB. Single and interested in wining and dining locally? 081-977 3433.

BEST SINGLES magazine in universe. Free details PERSON TO PERSON (PE/4), PO Box 4, Goring-on-Thames, RG8 9DN.

GREGARIOUS MEN urgently wanted to meet attractive single ladies at London restaurant club parties. Call MEET 'N' EAT, 071-629 5534.

"THIS PICTURE-DATING idea is brilliant." Capital Radio. Photo-introductions sent to you — a successful service for professional people. 071-734 5567 (day) or 081-297 1424 (any time).

PENPALS WORLDWIDE for interesting correspondence, lasting friendships, maybe more. Details and sample photos free! HERMES Korrespondenz-Verlag, Box 110660/S, Berlin 11, Germany.

OUTGOING unattached men sought to join our vivacious attractive ladies at select dinner/home parties. Kent/Sussex locations. DINNERMATES, PO Box 28, Tunbridge Wells, TN4 9LQ.

DATELINE WITH DATELINE GOLD
our executive service is the world's largest, most successful agency. Countless thousands have found their perfect partner.
YOU TOO CAN FIND LOVE.
Free details: DATELINE (9090), 23 Abingdon Road, London W8 or Tel: 071-938 1011. ABIA.

FLOWERS OF THE EAST: The professional Thai Marriage Bureau. PO Box 145, Derby.

MARGARET'S PEN CLUB — make new friends today. Age groups, 16-76. All areas, SAE details, PO Box 1, Prestwick, Ayrshire KA9 1RJ.

UK CONNECTIONS — having a penfriend can bring new meaning to your life. Write for more details, enclosing SAE to: UK CONNECTIONS, PO Box 13, Mirfield, WF14 8YL.

BEAUTIFUL BLACK lady sought by "Twin Peaks" addict for discreet, passionate, lengthy affair. I'm tall, not unattractive, forty-ish, into books, cinema, walks, etc. Open hearted, affectionate relationship envisaged, filled with laughter and sensuality. Windsor/West London. Box 1690.

ARE YOU A MAN without any "uns"? (Undesirable, unromantic, unfaithful, uncommitted, etc). If so we are two twenty-something females in the Londonish area seeking "un" free men. Box 1790.

SINGLE MAN, 37, Greenish, Leftish, solvent seeks caring female friend or partner to join me in my rut or pull me out of it. West Yorkshire. Box 1890.

EASYGOING, humorous, educated male, 40, tall, slim, solvent, seeks female (25-35). Working in male environment needs escape from boredom! Dislikes discos, loves motorbikes but pillion rides optional! Photo appreciated. Ashford, Kent. Box 1990.

HERPES. TALL, good looking male who occasionally suffers. 30, solvent, seeks female for relationship. Box 2090.

ROMANTIC PHOTOGRAPHER seeks pre-Raphaelite stunner to share the finer things in art, music, Yorkshire countryside. ALA. Box 2190.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL male, late 30s, but looks and feels younger. Happily married but sexually unfulfilled. Wishes to meet vivacious lady for stimulating conversation and passionate, but discreet, affair. London area. Box 2290.

OXFORD MATHEMATICIAN, 48, skinny, 6ft, seeks friendship with thin, intelligent woman. Box 2390.

HANDSOME YOUNGgraduate (SW1 Penthouse) seeks sensual housewife for discreet pleasure. Box 2490.

SOLITUDE-PRONE woman (long hair, slim, 35) lots of interests plus some vices (smoking, drinking) wants permanent relationship — tall, clean-shaven, unattached chap, 35-50 preferred. Sense of humour obligatory. London area. Your photo for mine. Box 2590.

IS THERE A widower, 70ish, professional, Oxbridge or similar looking for me. I'm 67, similar background, longing for someone to cook for, globetrot and enjoy opera with. 5'6" tall, slim, elegant, affectionate. Still laughing at life. Essex, Herts area. Box 2690.

LEO MALE, 22. Own business. Revels in sunshine, music, sleeping! All weekend, food (though slim) and smoking. Detests socialites/"The Chelsea Scene" and bullshitters. Young female required (London) with view to monogamous relationship and possibly assistance with business to mutual emotional/financial benefit. Photo please. Box 10690.

COLONIAL MALE'S heart, 31, aspires for West-Coast Scot/French/Soviet female (24-34). Natural seleciton procedure (do you claim to be...): normal/ open-minded/ sexually/ "pretty"/ "educated"/ proud/ cosmopolitan? Come, share the wonders of existence with analogous male. Box 10790.

SALES DIRECTOR, 35, smallish, seeks sensuous female relationship in various UK locations. Box 10890.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE, solvent, married, 40 years, director, seeks slim, attractive, solvent, married? lady for discreet weekend, holiday adventures. No snobs please. Box 10990.

SET ASIDE YOUNG bumpkin seeks wealthy farmer's daughter for spring time oat sowing. King size seed bed essentiall Box 11090.

GENEROUS MIDLANDS gentleman, 55, semi-detached, cultured, seeks a happy lady for exciting long affair. First advert. Box 11190.

BUSY ACADEMIC (44), seeks to reframe good lifestyle through love with interesting, lively lady. Area 20 miles Free Trade Hall. Box 11290.

ATTRACTIVE, intelligent, professional man, 40+, based London seeks slim, petite lady with style for romance. Photo and phone number please. Box 11390.

HANDSOME, SUCCESSFUL, fair, tall doctor, 43, N/S, widely travelled, many interests, married, very discreet, seeks attractive, sensual lady for days of mutual pleasure. London/Surrey area. Photo/phone appreciated. ALA. Box 11490.

TALL, SUCCESSFUL journalist, male, 31, easy-going, cheerful, loves arts, politics and mountains. Seeks intelligent, happy, attractive, sporty woman. Photo please. W. Mids. Box 11590.

MATURE, PROFESSIONAL male attached but underextended seeks uninhibited lady for discreet relationship and mutual pleasure. Edinburgh. Box 11690.

TALL, NICE LOOKING man, 27, married, foreign, athletic build seeks lady for discreet fun. N/E London area. Box 11790.

CENTRAL BRUSSELS based lady, 36, seeks international businessman for lonely evenings. CC, PO Box 1711050, Brussels, Belgium.

FEMALE, (30), slim, warm, funny, gentle, seeking London professional (Lawyer, City?). Address? Box 5989.

URGENTLY REQUIRED, intelligent, attractive, humorous, sensual friend and live-out lover, 45-55 who could become live-in for similar (adventurous and successful creative woman based Midlands and London). Photo and phone number please. Box 2588.

SINGLE solvent Sussex doctor nonsmoker, 36yrs, christian, generous, affectionate, kind. Likes dining, travel and the outdoors. Seeks single slim petite feminine lady (n/s), blonde, brunette, sparkling personality for mutual support, good conversation and life-long romance. Sussex/Kent area. Details photo, phone no: Box 2089.

STARTING AFRESH: Velvet-voiced, vital, tactile, tender, sensitive, well-bred, 6'2" gentleman needs enduring romance with slenderish, busty lady (35-53). West London. Box 1490.

SINGLE MALE, 36, slim, 6ft, not ugly, seeks professional lady, age immaterial for intimate carnal meetings. Birmingham area. Box 2790.

WARM, ATTRACTIVE, professional woman, 47, wide interests, seeks man with a sense of fun to share and grow with. E. Midlands. Box 2890.

GOOD LOOKING male, 28, professional, seeks lady for daytime fun and games. S. Wales. Discretion guaranteed. Box 2990.

SLIM, SOPHISTICATED, leggy blonde, financially affluent, seeks tall, wealthy businessman, 38-50, to share exciting lifestyle. Cheshire. Box 3090.

FRISKY, LOVABLE, lonely female, 40s. Naughty but nice, seeks tallish, loving, wealthy male for who knows what!! Photograph appreciated. (Cornwall) Box 3190.

PhD FEMALE, 45, needs highly intelligent, kind, humorous, Leftish, N/S male (40s). London. All letters answered. Box 3290.

SOLVENT, CARING professional male. Good sense of humour. 40-50 for cuddles, arts, meals, home space, eventually more. London/SE. Box 3390.

SHEFFIELD Single, attractive, professional (36), seeks captivating, sensual female for urban fun and travel. Box 3490.

UNUSUAL, WEALTHY, hyper-sensitive genius, 23, seeks beautiful, affectionate, intelligent lady for inspiration and romance. (London, South-East.) Box 11990.

YOUNG MAN, 31, Indian origin, separated for over a year, nearly divorced, good cook, washes-up afterwards, hoovers, irons, sometimes shy, sporty, 6' tall, slim, not unattractive, looking for honest woman, looks immaterial. Box 12090.

GIRLFRIEND SOUGHT by bachelor male, young 40 (professional, non-smoking, educated, charming, intelligent, etc), wishing to remain single while appreciating lively, glamorous, interesting, articulate female company. Would suit independent-minded, career lady of similar outlook. Photo appreciated. Mine in return. London/Wessex area. Please write to Box 12190.

SQUARE PEG, 35, seeks Round Hole. (Cheshire) Box 12690.

BUBBLY, VIVACIOUS, attractive blonde, thirty something, separated and bored witless in wilds of W. Sussex seeks funny, sensitive, solvent, romantic to welcome in the spring. Box 12790.

BUSINESSMAN, LATE 40s, recently free from mind numbing marriage, wishes to make up for lost time by spoiling younger, possibly voluptuous (but I.Q. more important than bra size) N/S lady. London — M4 corridor. Box 3590.

ECONOMIST, 34, 6ft 2 in, attractive, seeks that special lady for romance/marriage. Midlands. Box 3690.

DISCREET GENTLEMAN, 48, seeks dalliance with undallyed lady (NE Scotland). Box 3790.

AFFLUENT, ATTRACTIVE, married man with homes in London and Devon seeks tall, well-built lady under 35 for longterm secret affair based on mutual kindness and fun. Send phone no. for quick reply. Box 3890.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, 29, enjoys fast cars, guitars and strong, solvent, successful, handsome men. Photo essential. N/West. Box 3990.

MAGDALENE (previously single sex) graduate seeks Somervillian to compare notes. Box 4090.

FLOPPY OLD HOUND on long leash, bored with fantasies, seeks Earth Mother, object letters, chats, occasional meets for sniffs and scratches. S/East, Wales/Border. Box 4190.

PROVE TO ME that life begins at 40! Female seeks partner for fun. Box 4290.

LOVELY LEFTY and lovelorn professional graduate man, 26, likes laughing, travel, passion, permanency and the thought of kids. You: N.West. Female, 18-25. Box 4396.

OFFBEAT, OVEREDUCATED 36 M, foreigner seeks lazy lady and food, music and total folly. London to Brighton. Box 4590.

AMIABLE MALE, 31, non-smoker, broad interests, seeks attractive woman for friendship and possible romance. Box 5690.

ABERDEEN ATHLETIC Scot, late 40s, wedding looms, seeks sexy Scotette for frolicking final fling. Discretely assured. Box 5790.

TALL, SLIM, male, 28. Seeks tall, slim, female to share summer fun, holidays, rock festivals, etc. Yorks/Anywhere. Box 5890.

SCOTLAND. Vivacious blonde, slim, well-travelled, worldly, divorced lady of 47, seeks friendship and fun with fit, articulate gentleman. Solvent, broad-minded, country lover with good sense of humour, interested in sports, golf and perhaps viti/viniculture. Box 5990.

MIDLANDS. Professional, 36, humorous, sensuous, romantic, good listener. Seeks relationship with lady who needs to feel wanted. Married/unmarried. Daytimes/evenings? Box 6090.

LOST, SHOULDER to lean on; someone to care for. If found contact gregarious, warmhearted lady, 45, who enjoys travel, the arts, tennis and seeks lasting relationship with caring, cultured, dynamic N/S gentleman. London/M25/South. Box 6190.

ADVENTURER seeks adventuress for sensual exploration. I'm 39, healthy, wealthy, witty, good company and seek an uncomplicated, uninhibited relationship for mutual pleasures and run. Box 6290.

ARE YOU AFFLUENT, amusing, articulate, attractive? Aged 25 to 50ish. Would you like meet three (25-35) Chelsea ladies for drinks dancing and dalliance? Box 6390.

MALE GRADUATE, 35, balding. Interests, walking, travel, Celeiohs, seeks female company to light up life. Aberdeen. Photo please. Box 6490.

GORGEOUS UNDERGRADUATE, 20, requires over-rated experience to sidetrack him from his studies. Any offers. Box 6590

MALE, 28. Reads Guardian, Sindy, Eye, Punch, NME, Q, Empire, Premiere, Viz, Deadline. Getting bored with just reading. Seeks similar London female. Box 6690.

TALL, ELEGANT, mature lady seeks adventure, fun in the sun and a future with protective, unattached man, kind to children, animals and me. Box 6790

WOMAN (30) seeks intelligent, witty, fit man to share appreciation of Outdoor Pursuits. Box 6890.

TALL, INTELLIGENT, attractive, professional female (40) seeks similar male, (40-50) for fun, sailing, tennis, music and much more. Box 6990.

CULTURED, SOPHISTICATE with good sense of humour. (45) Presently living and writing in France, seeks slender, sensitive, sensual female companion in London. Must be non-smoker interested in long term relationship. Box 7090.

INTELLIGENT ESSEX man, 44, wouldn't be seen dead (or alive) with an earring. Looking for a female companion with ability to laugh at life's ironies. Is that why you're reading this? If so please write to Box 7190.

GOOD LOOKING, relaxed male graduate, 30, N/S, South Manchester based, enjoys pubs, walking and company. Seeks female with similar tastes who gets her own round in. Photo appreciated. Box 7290.

SUNNY-NATURED, witty, professional woman, 30s, romantic looks and outlook, seeks tall, cultured, protective Lord Peter Wimsey. Bath/West. Photo? Box 7390.

HANDSOME, PROFESSIONAL male, 31, 5'8", confident, very successful, gregarious, romantic, stylish, travelled, graduate, British, Leeds-based, own house/car. Seeks professional girl, 21-35, for meaningful relationship. Any area, race, religion. Box 7590.

SEXY, TALL, SLIM, sensual guy, 35, rock star looks and lifestyle, seeks 501-wearing gorgeous slim female, tall, independent, for adventure, dinner, love? If, like me, you're fancied by many but attracted to few, write with telephone number (confidentiality guaranteed) and photograph (essential). Reply promised. NE or anywhere. Box 7990.

SLIM, HUMOROUS, professional male, 45, 6'0", newly single, seeks attractive, articulate lady to help balance an interesting and busy life. NE but travels widely. Box 8090.

BRIGHTON BIKER, 36, hairy, large motorcycle, seeks bored housewife for wild rides while the kids are at school. Box 8190.

MALE, 5'11" (32) broad of mind and body, with lots of beard and barnet (plus some brains) and an exciting means of transport seeks female in London area to sit on the back of it and chat. Box 8290.

BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE fascinatingly feminine warm, witty and winsome, seeks male counterpart for happy times! Photo/phone. Box 8390.

FABULOUS 40s male, ultra attractive, successful and fun to be with. Married with free time and London pad. Perfect for dazzling girl who wants occasional great times without involvement. Photo/phone pref. Box 8490.

A ROMAN SPRING in W8. Two young gents looking for two Mrs Stones. box 8590.

FEMALE, 37, tallish, slimmish, N/S, seeks similar North East male with sense of humour. Box 8790.

PETITE, ATTRACTIVE, humorous lady (40-55) required for affectionate, solvent, professional man (52) for spoiling, cuddles and long, loving relationship. West Country. Box 8890.

TWO NAVAL lieutenants with large egos deploying East May. Seek pair of intelligent/attractive, young ladies for pre-deployment. Bad behaviour letter/photos please. Unpretentious gallantry guaranteed. Box 12890.

ARE YOU LOOKING for a permanent relationship with an attractive, slim, intelligent, professional woman, 32, who's also great fun? Letter with photo please. Box 12290.

MIDDLE-AGED, married man seeks unashamedly randy woman, 35-55, ideally with own accommodation. London. Box 12390.

LOTS OF PLATONIC lady friends; they all say I'll make someone a wonderful partner some day. Haven't met her yet, though. I'm male, young 44, 5'8", bit thin on top, otherwise excellent nick. Usual professional and solvent stuff. Sense of humour. Just relocated, Cheshire (v. alien!), If you're 30-45, N/S and vaguely normal (mentally and physically), how about you? Box 12490.

ATTRACTIVE, WARM, affectionate female seeks special man (40-55) with fantasy for a close and lasting relationship. Photo/phone please. Box 5190.

ROMANTIC RENAISSANCE man, charismatic, successful, gentle, affectionate, 55, invites enchanting lady, 25-45 to risk a disaster weekend at Festival of New Musicals, Buxton, May 1st/3rd. (Photograph helpful). Box 5290.

ELEGANT, FELINE woman, young 47, media occupation, broad interests, independent, seeks interesting, relaxed man to share laughter, joy, intimacy. Photo preferred. West London. Box 5390.

HAPPY ATTRACTIVE man, 31, still seeking sexy, sparkling woman, 27-37, for romance, passion, forever. Box 5490.

ENGLISHMAN, 55 resident Chile, quiet life, average looks, parsimonious, easily amused, M.LITT. T.C.D. Christian/Buddhist. Likes gardening, reading, music, walking, animals. Dislikes smoking, agitprop, sloppy English commercialism. Seeks similar female, 25ish. Send matching particulars/photo to Box 5590.

WANTED: 2 recession-proof 35-45 men (London area; witty, articulate, well-travelled) who'd like to meet 2 mid-30s prof women for dinner, theatre, conversation, etc. (No etc immediately!) Box 4490.

HOLDING OUT for your ideal man? Cultured, cosmopolitan company director, 30 yrs, attractive, intelligent, fun and wealthy wants to share all with intelligent, adventurous lady. Box 7690.

BLUE-EYED, DARK hair, tall, slim, independent female, 33, wants you if you're tall, hairy, rich and sexy — 30-50. London and SE. Letter/photo/tel no please. Can't wait... Box 7790.

WARM, PERSONABLE man, 54, (occasional baritone) seeks capable, attractive, younger lady pianist to share SW London musical overtures, possibly including romantic Wagnerian interludes. I'm creative, articulate and entertaining, tallish, broadish with agreeable lived-in looks. Box 7890.

RUGGEDLY HANDSOME N/S male. Successful, tall, humorous (45) seeks attractive, slimmish (35) to share success and future. Photo please. Based N/W but distance no problem. Box 4690.

LAY DOWN YOUR tracks! Bright young Gabriel seeks Bush. London(ish). Creative letter ensures reply. Box 4790.

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE, 38 yrs, intelligent, Left wing and working class. Refugee from unhappy affair. Looking for male companion (30-45) for caring, sharing and fun. N. London/Herts. (No heavy drinkers.) Box 4890.

SLAYER OF DRAGONS and seeker of Holy Grails craves bold and adventurous maiden with whom to fulfil life's quest. Box 4990.

ROMANTIC DENTIST seeks woman with similar oral skills and manual dexterity. He: 28, 5'10", adventurer. You: slim, sensual. Inner beauty better than looks. N. Yorks. Box 1590.

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON W1V 5RG
Queries and Credit Card dictated advertisements: 071 734 6887
Fax: 071 437 0705

PLEASE WRITE YOUR ADVERTISEMENT HERE:

(use separate sheet if necessary)

YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND TELEPHONE NUMBER (this information is confidential):

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

_____

SEND YOUR ADVERTISEMENT TO ARRIVE AT LEAST 10 DAYS BEFORE PUBLICATION DATE WITH PAYMENT (CHEQUE/POSTAL ORDERS PAYABLE TO **PRESSDRAM LTD**), ACCESS, VISA, SWITCH. PLEASE DO NOT SEND CASH.

IF YOU ARE PAYING WITH ACCESS, VISA OR SWITCH WRITE THE NUMBER HERE:

SWITCH CARD ISSUE NUMBER : ☐ EXPIRY DATE: ☐☐☐☐

ADVERTISING RATES

- ☐ LINEAGE STYLE: £1.40 PER WORD
- ☐ SEMI-DISPLAY STYLE: £3.00 PER WORD
- ☐ ALLOCATION OF BOX NUMBER: £7.50

VAT INCLUSIVE (RECEIPT ON REQUEST)

SERIES DISCOUNTS

- ☐ 6 ADVERTISEMENTS 10% OFF
- ☐ 12 ADVERTISEMENTS 15% OFF
- ☐ 26 (1YEAR) ADVERTISEMENTS 20% OFF

WRITE YOUR NAME & ADDRESS ON THE BACK OF YOUR CHEQUE

PRIVATE EYE

SUBSCRIPTIONS ORDER FORM

Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE
UK: £14 Europe & Eire: £20 Elsewhere: Surface £20 Air £25

Magazines to:

NAME

ADDRESS

Please print & use the postcode

I enclose cheque/PO for £. . . . .

OR

Please charge ACCESS ☐ VISA ☐ Card expires: ____ / ____

Card number:

Cardholder's name & address if different from above

OR: Why not 'Dial-A-Sub' 071·228 0425 'Fax-A-Sub' 071·924 3719

Overseas subscribers please note: payment must be made by International Money Order **OR** Bankers Draft in £ Sterling drawn on London **OR** ACCESS/VISA.

"FARCE AT ITS MOST SUMPTUOUS AND HILARIOUS BEST"
DAILY TELEGRAPH

THE POPE AND THE WITCH

"ABSURDLY FUNNY FARCE... DARIO FO'S BEST YET"
THE GUARDIAN

REDUCED PRICE PREVIEWS FROM 4 APRIL. FIRST NIGHT 13 APRIL

WITH THE SUPPORT OF LBC NEWS TALK 97.3

COMEDY THEATRE PANTON STREET, LONDON SW1
BOX OFFICE (INC. CC) 071 867 1045/1111
CC 24HRS (NO BKG FEE) 071 379 4444 • (BKG FEE) 071 497 9977

ROLEX OYSTER

WANTED

WE BUY OLD & NEW

IMMEDIATE CASH PAYMENT £200 MIN. UPTO £7000 FOR SUBMARINER·GMT·COSMOGRAPH·DATEJUST·EXPLORER ALL MODELS WANTED GOLD & STEEL MEN'S & LADIES

AUSTIN KAYE 425 STRAND LONDON WC2
EST. 1946 071-240 1888 PHONE 071-240 2343
SEND REGISTERED POST OR CALL PERSONALLY

1910 - 1975 VINTAGE WATCHES SPECIALLY WANTED

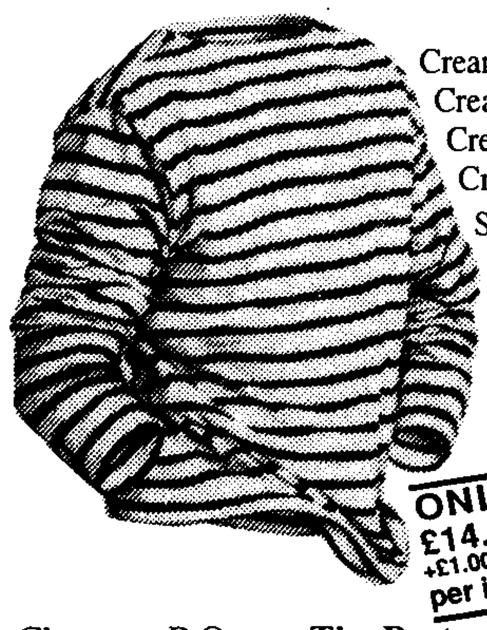
ROLEX | OMEGA Breguet Jaeger LONGINES | PATEK PHILIPPE | MOVADO Vacheron Audemars EBEL | Cartier

WE HAVE A LARGE STOCK OF PRE OWNED CLASSIC WATCHES PART EXCHANGE AND PHONE OR MAIL ORDER WELCOME

SHOW THEM WHAT YOU THINK OF THEM!

4" SQUARE · FULL COLOUR · DOUBLE SIDED
CAR/WINDOW STICKER
THE E.C. SYMBOL WITH DESCRIPTIVE RED SLASH SAYS IT ALL!
PRICE: TWO ECUS
OR EQUIVALENT – £1.45 EACH
5 FOR £6.00; 10 FOR £10.00 (inc. p & p)
CHEQUES, MONEY ORDERS, ETC. TO:
Patrick, P.O. Box 98, Henley-on-Thames, RG9 6TT

THE *ORIGINAL* BRETON SHIRT



Cream/Navy,
Cream/Red,
Cream/Burgundy,
Cream/Green
Sizes 34", 36", 38", 40", 42", 44", 46".

The Original, traditional, French Fisherman's working shirt. Made from 100% knitted cotton in France. So comfortable they're addictive! We bought them on holiday 10 years ago and liked them and wore them so much, we felt obliged to share them with everyone else (honestly)

ONLY £14.95 +£1.00 p+p per item

THE BRETON CAP
ONLY £12.95 +£1.00 p+p

Classic navy fisherman's hat.
Sizes 6¾, 6⅞, 7, 7⅛, 7¼, 7⅜, 7½

Cheques, P.O.s to: **The Breton Shirt Company, Dept** (*PE 15*)
99 Watermoor Road, Cirencester, Glos GL7 1LD
Credit Cards: **Phone (0285) 652997 or Fax (0285) 650852**

SUSPECT PACKAGE

- It's a game.
- You need to know about it.
- Er..
- .. That's it.

0891 600 212

Calls cost 36p per min cheap rate, 48p per min all other times. Cablecom Productions, 35 Hay's Mews, London

CONDOMS 50 for £5

50 Plain Condoms £5
including postage & packing
or try our other varieties:–

30 Black Condoms	£5
30 Coloured Condoms	£5
30 Ribbed Condoms	£5
25 Fruit Flavoured Condoms	£5
10 Extra Large Condoms	£5
5 French Ticklers	£5
3 Luminous "Glowdoms"	£5
3 HT "Superstrong" Condoms	£5

Send Payment with Order to:–
Hartwell Ventures Limited (Dept P)
FREEPOST (BR1464), PORTSLADE, BRIGHTON BN41 1ZZ
☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆ 0273 412993 ☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

ARE YOU ON A CREDIT BLACKLIST?

If you have ever been turned down for credit, never had credit or simply want to see what is registered against your name and address then you need to call the Creditline.

Creditline explains how to obtain and correct your credit file for just £1 and informs you of your rights under the consumer credit act. We also give some handy tips on getting credit.

CALL THE CREDIT£INE 24 hours a day on

0898 313446

Have a pen and paper handy.

CREDIT£INE TELECOMMUNICATIONS LTD
Keyworth House, Hopgarden Lane, Sevenoaks, Kent TN13 1PU
Calls charged at 36p min cheap rate and at 48p per min at all other times.

HORNY T-SHIRTS

COLOURS: BLACK OR WHITE
T-SHIRTS (XL) £7.99 SWEATS £12.99 inc. P&P
(state size for Sweats)
Cheques, Money Orders, Cash To:
St Rose Promotions
91 Oxleay Rd, Rayners Lane
Harrow HA2 9UZ
Tel: 081-868 8409
BUY ONE FOR YOUR FRIEND!
*** 10% of the proceeds will go to the RHINO RESCUE TRUST ***

ISSN 0032-888X

9 770032 888020 13

Published by Pressdram Ltd, 6 Carlisle St, London W1V 5RG. 071-437 4017. Printed by East End Offset Ltd, Empson St, London E3 3LT. Distributed by P.E. Distribution, Mortimer Hse, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE. 071-223 997